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VOLUME 26 NUMBER 4

MAYFAIR

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STUNNING STUDENT SIMONE

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TONY PRICE ON MERCEDES' NEW RACE-BRED ROCKET

MARTIN TEMPERLEY ON THE TANK-BUSTING APACHE HELICOPTER

MAYFAIR

Volume 26 Number 4

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SPECIAL FEATURES

Apache Warrior	A new breed	*Martin Temperley*	40
Roxanne	Sensual fiction	*Dave Smeds*	70

GIRLS

Sam	At your request	*Geoff Howes*	5
Tina	Takes charge	*Jack Harrison*	15
Simone	Nude debut	*Joanie Allum*	22
Regina	Latin lovely	*John Patrick Burgess*	32
Suzanne	Stunning centrefold	*Ralph Medland*	43
Jane	She's an exhibitionist!	*Basil Crawford-Smith*	56
Dee	Girl next door	*Ralph Medland*	73
Stacy	Old fashioned fun	*Matt Fisher*	80
Annie	Bouncy beauty	*Donald Milne*	94

HUMOUR

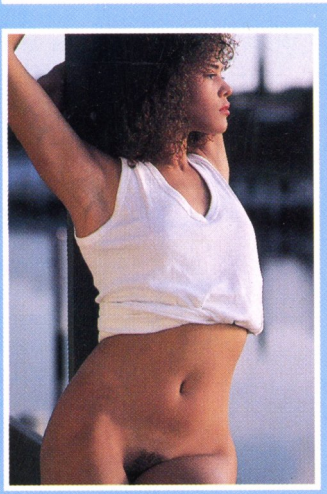
Wedding Belles	Holy matrimony!	*Anthony* 53
That reminds me...	Best jokes	79

INFORMERS

Scene	Your definitive guide	12
Quest	We find the facts	63

5

"Come again, Sam!" you all pleaded, and so here she is for a repeat performance. Flattery will get you everywhere with this sexy lady!

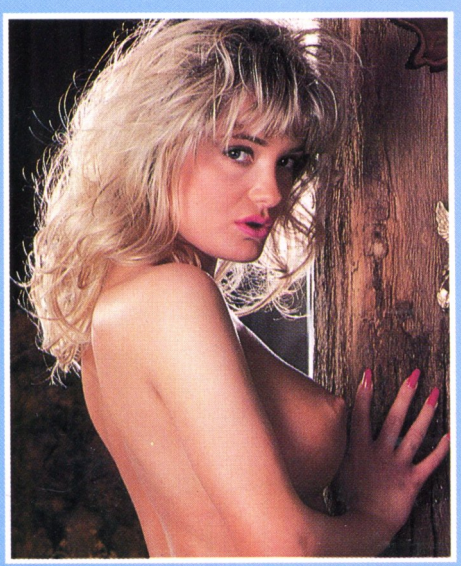


32

Red-hot Regina knows the best cure for executive stress - and it isn't yoga!

40

The Apache helicopter, one of the deadliest weapons in the Gulf, explodes the ungainly image of these machines once and for all.



CENTRE GIRL

Bored banker Suzanne escapes from the counter to have her centrefold wish come true in Mayfair.

43

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Post(s): | Poster:

Model(s):

- Annie Lomax
- Dee Murray
    1. post
- Jane Botham
- Regina Meredith
- Samantha Johnson | thread
    1. post [partial, upper portion]
    2. post
- Simone Hancock
- Stacy Cooper
    1. post
- Suzanne Brando as Suzanne Johnson, GotM | thread
    1. post [partial]
    2. post [partial]
    3. post [partial]
- Tina Holmes as Tina Evans

s a m

Photographs by Geoff Howes

Samantha Johnson made her modelling debut just two months ago in these very pages, and since then her life has turned upside down: the moment her pictures were published in our centrefold, offers from advertising agencies, film makers and fashion companies came pouring in. "It was a bit of a shock really," giggles the 20-year-old Liverpool lass. "I was very hesitant about modelling before I posed for *Mayfair*, but I was thinking about the actual day of the photo session: it never occurred to me what might happen afterwards. Now it looks like I could make a living from showing myself off, which is great!"

But the praise which means most to Sam came from our readers. You may remember that back in Vol 26 No 2 she

said, "I just hope I haven't disappointed any of you." You wrote in your hundreds to reassure the nervous young lady with the 34C-24-36 figure that she was certainly no let-down! Our correspondents may be interested to know that their praise seems to have done the trick: for her second session, the shy girl was transformed into a bubbly, sensual woman who obviously enjoyed herself in front of the camera.

"Yes, I love modelling now," smiles Sam. "I can't think what I was worried about! And getting all these tributes from readers and offers of work does make me feel quite special – flattery will get you everywhere with me!"

If all this makes you worried that Sam might be getting too big for her boots, fear not: she's keeping her feet firmly on the ground. She's staying on at art school, studying hard for this summer's exams; she keeps up her singing and painting; and no, she still hasn't found herself a regular boyfriend. "That's the one thing I haven't got," Sam sighs. "But everything else in my life has happened unexpectedly, so maybe he'll turn up out of the blue. I hope he doesn't wait too long, though!"

Tina

Photographs by Jack Harrison

Some girls like teeshirts, jeans and trainers, but not Tina Evans. She refuses to go out unless she's wearing sexy underwear and patent high heels. "I wouldn't feel right in anything else — and I certainly wouldn't feel sexy," says the 20-year-old from Brockenhurst near Southampton. But at five-foot six, don't her four-inch heels mean that she's towering above the boys? "So what!" she says putting on a mock domineering tone. "I like having one over the blokes. Keeps them in their place." But does the 34-22-33 blonde really insist on keeping her men at heel? "Not always," she admits. "But I don't see why women shouldn't be in charge some of the time. It's give and take really, isn't it? And I certainly enjoy both!"

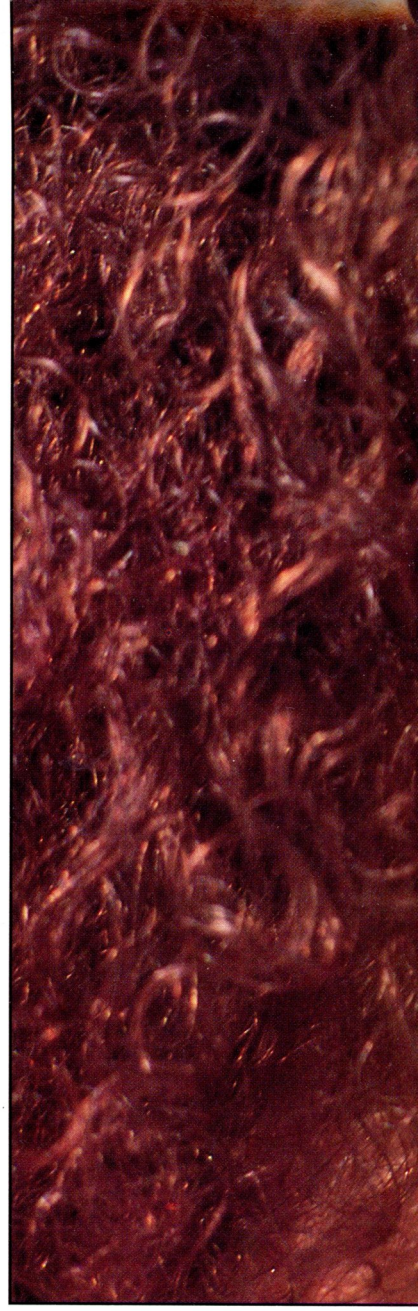
simone

Mayfair is always pleased to welcome new models to its pages, so we're delighted to introduce Simone Hancock from Coventry as she makes her nude debut! "I never thought a simple art student would make it into the best men's mag in the country," Simone says modestly. "I always imagined it was the sole preserve of busty Scandinavians and American glamour pusses. Somehow Coventry seems light years away from the world of modelling." Perhaps,

but already Simone's 36-23-34 figure is being signed up for calendars, photo shoots and videos in places a lot more hot and exotic than the West Midlands.

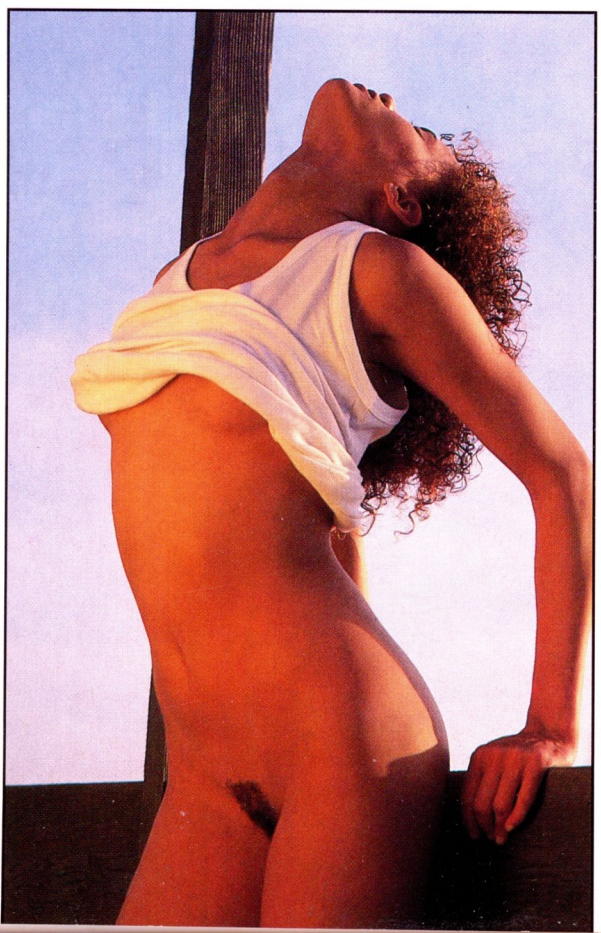
By day, Simone studies design, and likes making her own clothes. "I fancy launching a range of underwear like Janet Reger — she's from the Midlands too! I love lingerie, especially the black silky sort. If I become a successful model, I'd wear nothing else," she says. What would her range be like? "Exclusively silk or high quality satin: I love the way it clings to the skin and

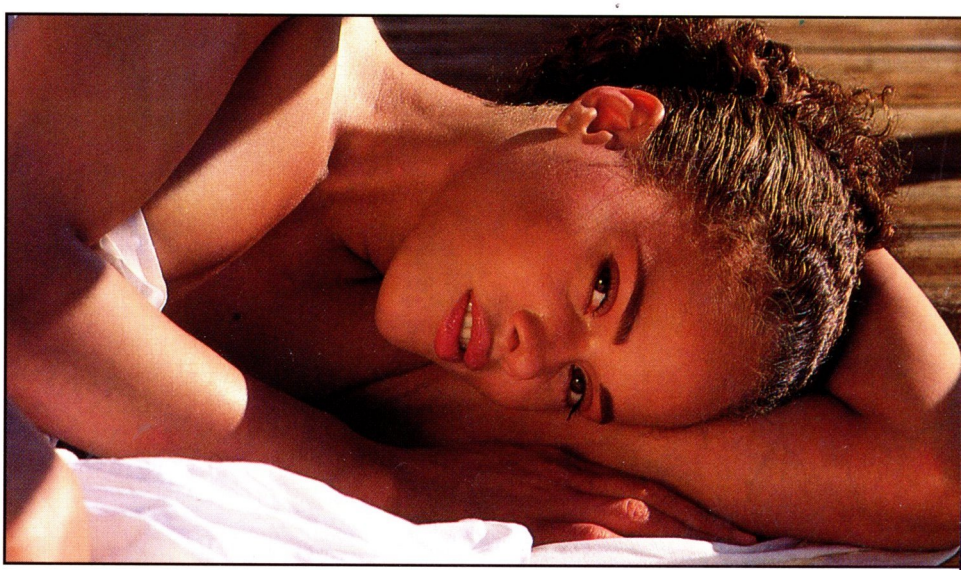
shines in the light. And it must be very revealing." Simone believes that undies say a lot more about a girl than what she wears on top. "Her underwear tells you what sort of person she is deep down, rather than what she wants to portray." And what sort of person is Simone deep down? "I like people to think of me as being arty and rather clever — different from the ordinary girl in the pub," she says. "But frankly I'm just the same as the others. I like good friends, a good bloke and a good time. The only difference is that I hate discos!" Instead Simone enjoys Thai food, a bottle of dry white wine and then an evening by the fire, though not alone. "I love cuddling in my big armchair but there's nobody to join me at present. Except my spaniel, Charlie, that is: he's lovely, but he's no substitute for a good man!"



regina

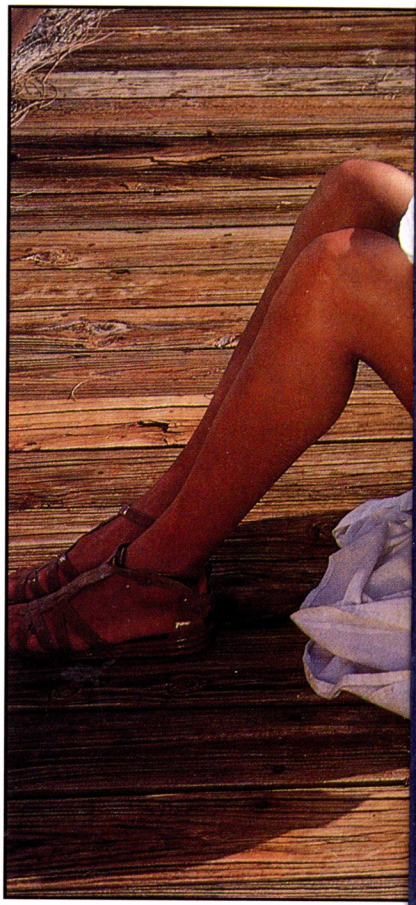
Photographs by John Patrick Bugess

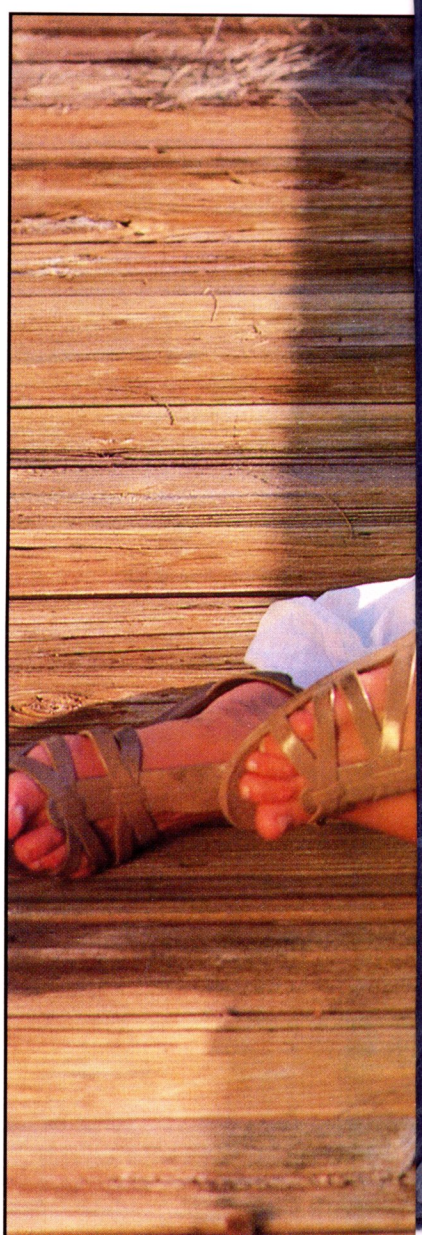




Ask any Latin scholar (and, yes, there are a few left) and they'll tell you that *regina* means Queen; everyone else will tell you that Regina Meredith means business. The 22-year-old from Wolverhampton knows how to get on – and get off. "My Dad was out of work when I was little, and for most of my early life we were very poor — but I mean to change all that," the sultry 34-22-33 beauty told us. But how? "First of all, I want to marry a millionaire who'll keep me in the style to which I'd like to grow accustomed, and then I intend to become both a successful businesswoman and model."

We don't doubt her business acumen and skill in front of the camera, but how does she intend to land her millionaire? "Good times, good laughs and good sex," she replied frankly. "Show an interest in his work, keep him entertained and then give him something to really take his mind off it." We didn't like to press her for details but she gave them anyway! "There's nothing like a red hot session between the sheets to cure executive stress," Regina says. "It's far better than yoga – and with the right guy, the positions are even more exciting."





SUZANNE

Photographs by Ralph Medland

Ever wondered what a typical *Mayfair* reader looks like? Well, meet Suzanne Johnson. "I've read it for years," says the stunning 22-year-old with the 36C-24-36 figure. "My first boyfriend used to get it, and I became addicted. You see, I always wanted to be a model, but Mummy and Daddy insisted I went into something more secure." That's why this sensual, seductive blonde spends so much time trapped behind the counter of a High Street bank. "I get so frustrated there," she sighs. "The atmosphere is so stuffy. I long to fling off my dark blue suit and do a striptease on the foreign currency counter, but I reckon the manager would have a heart attack. He gets hot and flustered talking to me as it is!"

So instead of ripping off her crisp white blouse in front of the customers in the bank, Suzanne sits quietly in her Bromsgrove home reading *Mayfair* and fantasising about being a model. "I love copying the poses and trying them out on my boyfriend. Well, I call him that — he's like my bank account, current rather than long term — you get more interest that way!" Suzanne said with a giggle, then added, "I think I've learned a lot from the magazine, don't you?" Now we've made her dream come true, will she do more modelling? "I'd love to. The guys in the bank are going to seem even more boring after stripping off in front of a million *Mayfair* readers — and I certainly know which I enjoy more!"

MAYFAIR
GIRL OF THE MONTH
suzanne

MAYFAIR
GIRL OF THE MONTH
suzanne

Jane

"Modelling has done so much for my confidence," says Jane Botham with a sparkling smile. "At one time I didn't even think I was pretty!"

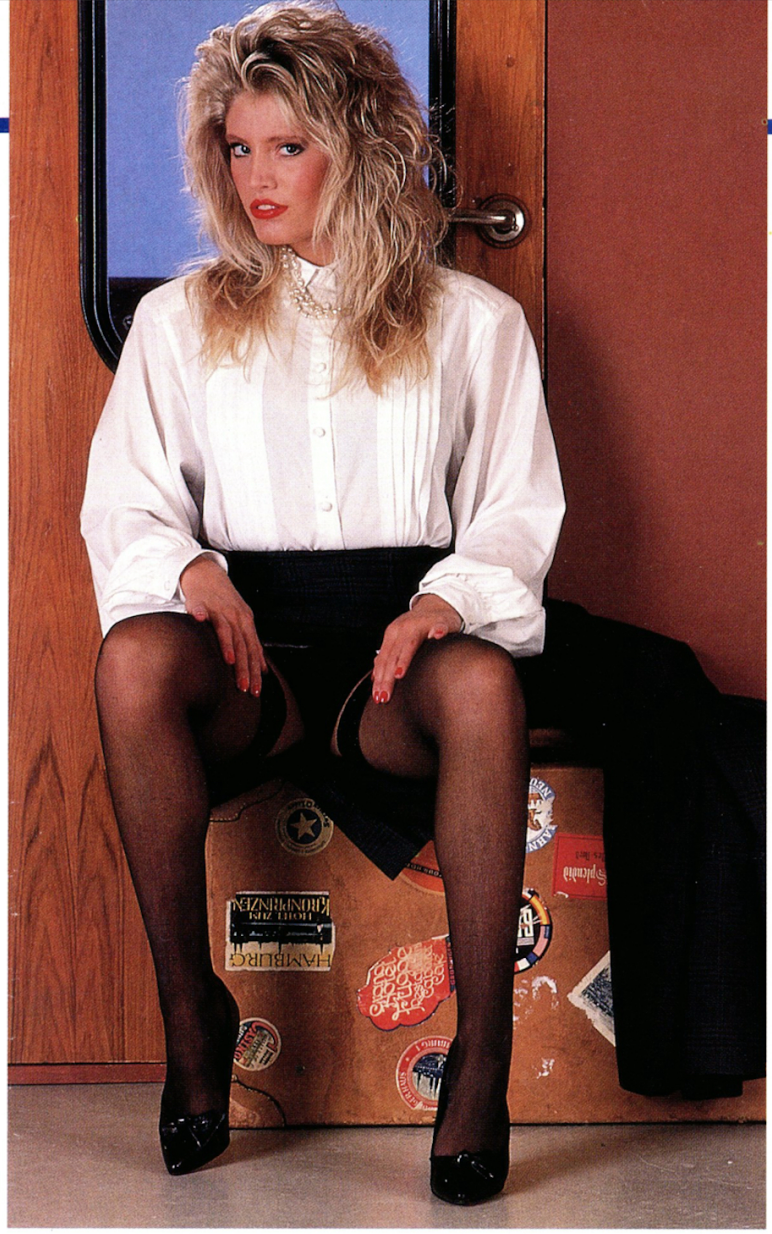
Hard to believe that this gorgeous and accomplished 36-24-36 lady could ever have doubted her looks!

"Honestly," she smiled, "I was a very gawky adolescent. I was thin and embarrassed about my body. I was far too shy to go out with guys – in fact I used to sit in my room writing poetry!"

Who made her realise she was made to be a model?

"Surprisingly it was my mum!" Jane laughed. "One day we had one of those mother-to-daughter chats and she told me how silly I was being. She said, 'Jane, you're a lovely girl, you should show

Photographs by Basil Crawford-Smith


HAMBURG

HAMBURG

yourself off more.' I'm not sure she expected me to take her advice quite so literally though!

"But she had a real effect on me. I took a good look at myself in the mirror, and decided that I wasn't so bad after all. I joined the drama class at school and found that I really enjoyed performing. I discovered I was quite an exhibitionist! Even though it never occured to me to become a model until a photographer suggested it to me, the seeds were definitely sown by my mum!"

On behalf of all *Mayfair* readers, thankyou very much, Mrs Botham!

GIRL NEXT DOOR

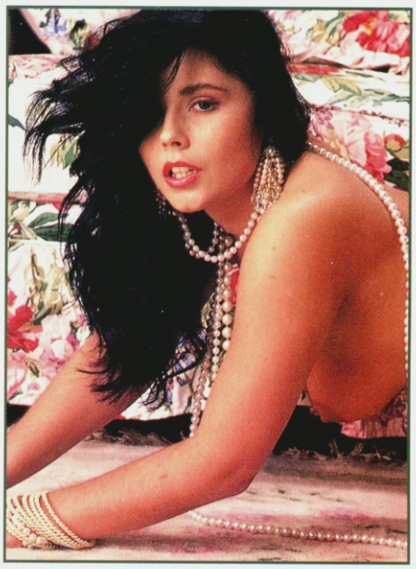
Dee

Photographs by Ralph Medland

No wonder Altrincham has a thriving Neighbourhood Watch Scheme with girls like Dee Murray living in the area. Nineteen-year-old Dee works as a secretary in Manchester, commuting every day from Cheshire's suburbia. Dee was spotted by an amateur photographer who saw her 34-23-34 figure at a camera club. Chatting afterwards, he discovered they lived in the same street. "On the train home, I suggested she write to *Mayfair,*" he told us. "She has real talent and a great sense of humour. That was her only fault as a model — she kept giggling." We know. She dissolved into giggles when we told her about her chance to appear in the magazine, and again during the session.

"I had a great time," Dee said. "I couldn't wait to tell all my friends in my local." When Dee isn't typing or posing for photographers, amateur or professional, she likes disco dancing and keeps fit with a rigorous aerobics routine. She's also an excellent swimmer and bronze medal lifesaver.

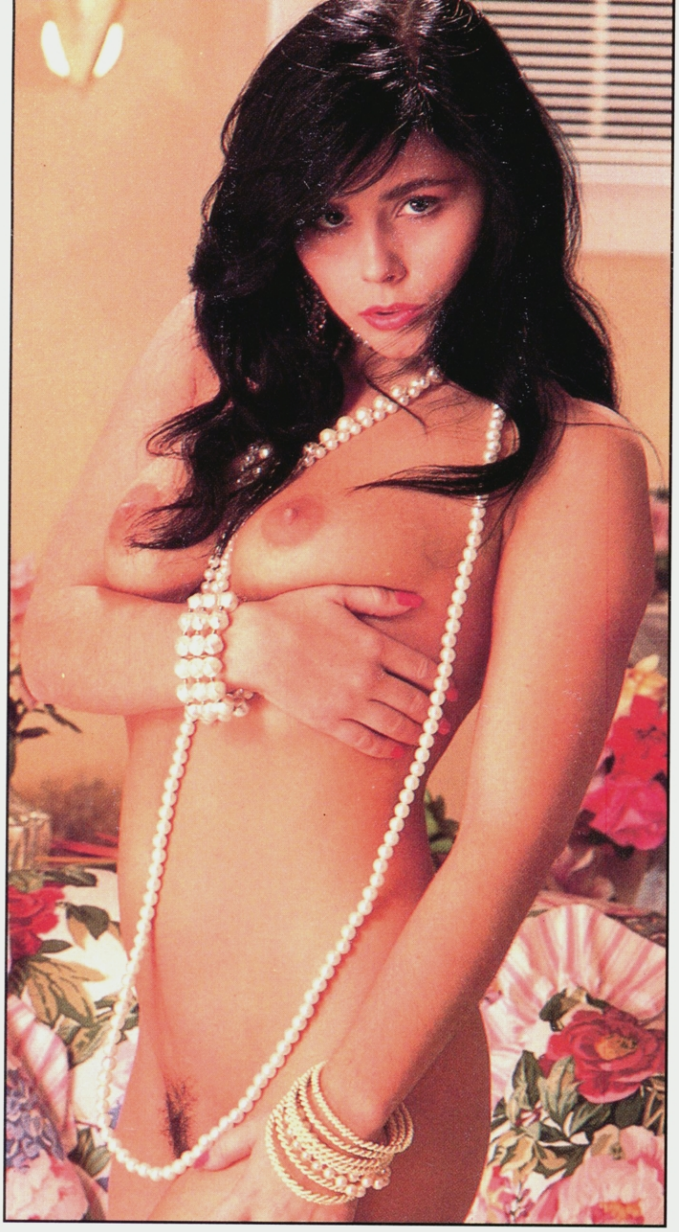
"I go once a week – but I'm still waiting for some hunk to need the kiss of life." What sort of guy would she like to fish out? "Broad-shouldered, blonde and built like Tarzan," she said, starting off another fit of the giggles. "And willing to share his nuts!" Sorry, gentlemen, but there the conversation ended—apart from her laughter, that is.



STACY

When we spend most of our time running around after career girls who have to fit us in between meetings, it comes as a (welcome) change to meet a girl whose greatest ambition in life is "To meet a kind, sexy man, keep his house and have loads of his children!" But 23-year-old Stacy Cooper, who measures 36C-24-36, isn't afraid of being called old-fashioned: "If that's the

Photographs by Matt Fisher

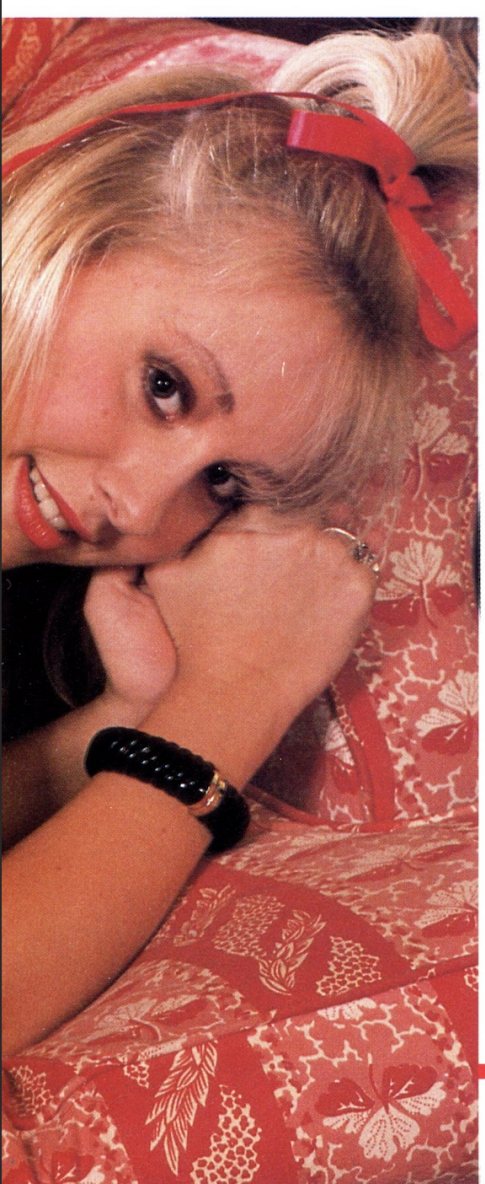


life I want, why should I be ashamed of it?" she says sensibly. "Some girls may not find it that exciting, but I think it's the most fulfilling thing anyone can do."So how would Stacy treat her lucky man? "Well, wasn't it Jerry Hall who said a wife should be a cook in the kitchen and a tart in bed? I wouldn't put it quite like that, but I think I'd know how to keep him happy when I'd hooked him. He'd come home after a tough day, I'd soothe his fevered brow, feed him with steak and asparagus, and then lead him to the bedroom to make him an offer he can't refuse." It sounds like paradise... can we put ourselves down on the waiting list? "If you like," laughs Stacy, "but it might take a little while to get around to you – for some reason I seem to be in demand for dates right now! I'll let you know how it goes!"

ANNIE

Some girls may be hyper-sensitive about their figures, but there's no need to mind your manners around Annie Lomax: she's a larger lady and proud of it! "I find men really like a fuller figure, but I can't stand it when they pussyfoot around and won't say what they're thinking," says this 19-year-old travel agent. "It's much more flattering for a bloke to say 'What terrific boobs you've got' than to um and er for half an hour before he makes a pass! I'm proud of my body and I love a compliment, so why should they be shy?" Our bouncy beauty is happy to tell us she measures 38D-26-37, "though I'm still a growing girl and I might need a larger cup size soon!" she laughs. "I hope the readers like what they see. I'd like to convince them all that big girls are sexier: it's my mission in life!"

Photographs by Donald Milne



We welcome all your views, comments and anecdotes. Please write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HE

Better than ever

Congratulations on the new look *Mayfair*! As I've been a devoted reader for some years, I was worried that a new publisher and editor would change my favourite magazine beyond recognition; but I'm delighted to say that the change has been for the better!

The girls are classier and cuter than ever before, and the shots certainly seem a little more revealing, though in a thoroughly stylish way. The only thing that disappointed me slightly in the first couple of 'new-look' issues was that the girls' statistics weren't mentioned in every set, as is the *Mayfair* custom. I hope this will be recommenced soon, as your current crop of girls has to be the finest yet. I look forward with great anticipation to further developments in *Mayfair*'s excellent career!
GR, Norfolk

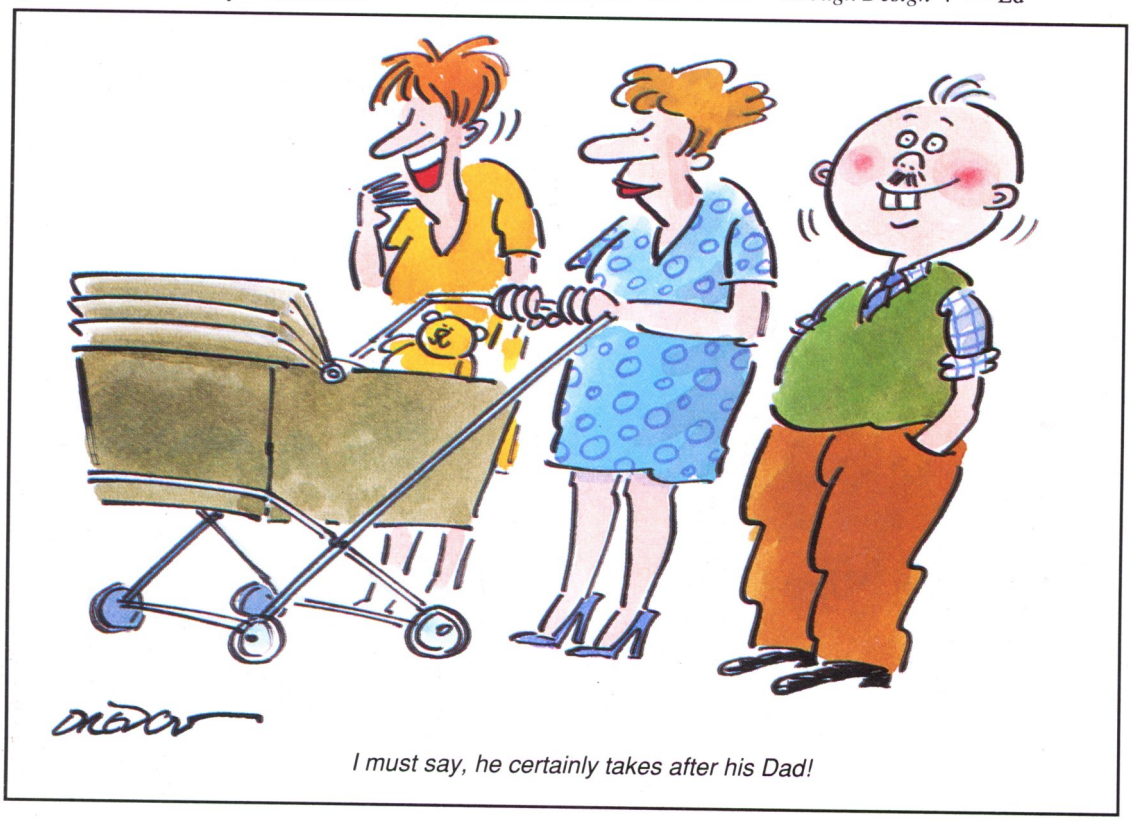
Marvellous Maddy

I hope we don't have to wait too long for another look at the gorgeous Madelaine from Vol 26 No 3. What a perfect blend of mysterious sophistication and naughtiness that girl has! She certainly would make the ideal dominatrix — who could resist doing what such a lovely creature told them to? It's great to see a girl speaking out and asserting herself, especially one as beautiful as her. More, please!
RL, Dundee

I'm an Alfa romeo

As an Alfa owner for the last five years, I must say that I thoroughly enjoyed the feature by Tony Price on the *Sport Through Design* exhibition. However, in my humble opinion, it should have been titled Alfa Romeo, Sex Through Design. You see, in my experience, there is no car quite like an Alfa for pulling girls. Of course Ferraris and Porsches have their supporters, but there is no car that has the same red-blooded Italian feel as the Alfa. Okay, maybe not that affordable, but buying an Alfa is like buying an Italian suit — you pay for style and quality.

And sexiness! I've lost count of the comments made by female admirers of my red Giulatz. The only snag is getting them out!
AW, Manchester
Perhaps that should be "Smugness through Design"? — Ed



I must say, he certainly takes after his Dad!

Lesbian love

I was interested to read in Quest Vol 26 No 3 that there are other women out there who aren't lesbians, but get turned on by lezzie fantasies. I always thought I was the only one!

I've never had any lesbian experiences, and I don't particularly want to. I'm quite happy with my long-term boyfriend, and I've never felt physically attracted to another woman. But once in a while, when I'm feeling really horny, I start fantasizing about making love with another girl.

I don't do this while I'm with my boyfriend, but sometimes while I'm masturbating I'll imagine that another girl is fingering my pussy. It's usually the same person, a girl I work with. Yet I don't normally feel attracted to her. I wonder if other female readers have similar experiences?
KC, Merseyside

Tasty tea lady

I have to confess I'm a bit of a workaholic, and I've missed the boat a bit as far as women are concerned. Most of the women I meet are professional ladies who are already married, so generally I just bury myself in my work.

I have to attend a lot of planning meetings in my job, and a few weeks ago we were all sitting in a particularly long meeting when the tea arrived. But it wasn't the usual tea lady who brought it — it was the temporary catering assistant. I have to say, she was truly stunning!

She looked about 24, with long dark wavy hair and she was wearing a loose lacy blouse and a skirt just tight enough to show the curve of her bottom and thighs. Under the blouse it was obvious that she had the most wonderfully large boobs, which moved gently when she walked. As she handed out tea to everyone, smiling, I couldn't keep my eyes off her. She had the most delicious wiggle and as she bent over her tea trolley her skirt stretched tight over her beautifully shaped bum.

After the meeting I hung back; I simply had to speak to her. I felt as dry-mouthed as a randy schoolboy! Her name was Gail and I decided that this was no time for hesitation. I asked her out, there and then.

We went for a drink at a nearby pub, and after a long chat and a few drinks, I tentatively asked, "Would you like to come back to my flat?" To my surprise she smiled eagerly and said "Yes, if that's all right."

All right? It was the best news I'd had in ages! At my flat, she took me completely by surprise by pushing me against the wall with a joyful little squeal and caressing my crotch feverishly. She seemed inexperienced, but very enthusiastic! With shaking

Continued on page 52

Continued from page 4

fingers I peeled off her blouse. Her boobs were enormous and soft — her bra was quite inadequate! I buried my face between them, kissing and licking her nipples and Gail moaned quite uninhibitedly. Then suddenly she took my hand and pulled me into the living room and onto the couch.

Needless to say, a fabulous night of passion ensued. Followed by many more! My workaholic days are certainly over!
AL, High Wycombe

Being neighbourly

I was delighted to see that the excellent 'Girl Next Door' section has returned to *Mayfair* in Vol 26 No 3. The professional models in *Mayfair* are unfailingly beautiful, but seemingly unattainable. So it's nice to redress the balance a little by proving that some of Britain's sexiest ladies are still just ordinary girls in down-to-earth jobs.

Rachel Coleman was absolutely exquisite. I hope the thrill of seeing herself in *Mayfair* will encourage her to do some more modelling.
FA, Newquay

Raunchy repairman

I've always laughed at stories of women having affairs with the milkman, or postman, but these days I can see the attraction — and all because of our new TV repairman!

I'm in my mid-twenties, and married to a man twice my age. He's very kind and affectionate, and we're happily married, but our sex-life is rather unadventurous. I've never really known what to expect, as my husband was my first lover, and I'd certainly never dreamed of having an affair until a couple of weeks ago.

Everyone knows how irritating it is waiting in for a repairman, but I wasn't disappointed when James came round to fix my TV. He was a very handsome West Indian guy, wearing tight jeans which accentuated his nice trim bum. He whistled appreciatively when I opened the door to him, and I felt myself blush.

James and I got chatting and I'm afraid to say I distracted him from his work. He suddenly gestured with his hands to emphasize a point he was making, and burnt his thigh quite badly with the soldering iron he was wielding.

"Quick, lie down on the couch and take your jeans down, I'll get some ointment," I said. That sounds a bit forward now, but I was honestly only concerned with the burn, which looked rather nasty.

When I came back into the room James had taken his jeans right off, and was lying on the sofa, wearing just his T-shirt and a tiny pair of briefs which didn't even look as though they could cover me, let alone his great bulge. I knelt beside him and started to rub cream into the burn, trying desperately not to think about what a great body he had.

Well, I thought I was doing quite a good job of concealing how turned on I was getting... but James had a lot more trouble hiding his growing excitement! His miniscule briefs just couldn't contain his hardening cock, which was inching its way out over the top. I was mesmerized, as my husband's was the only one I'd ever seen in real life.

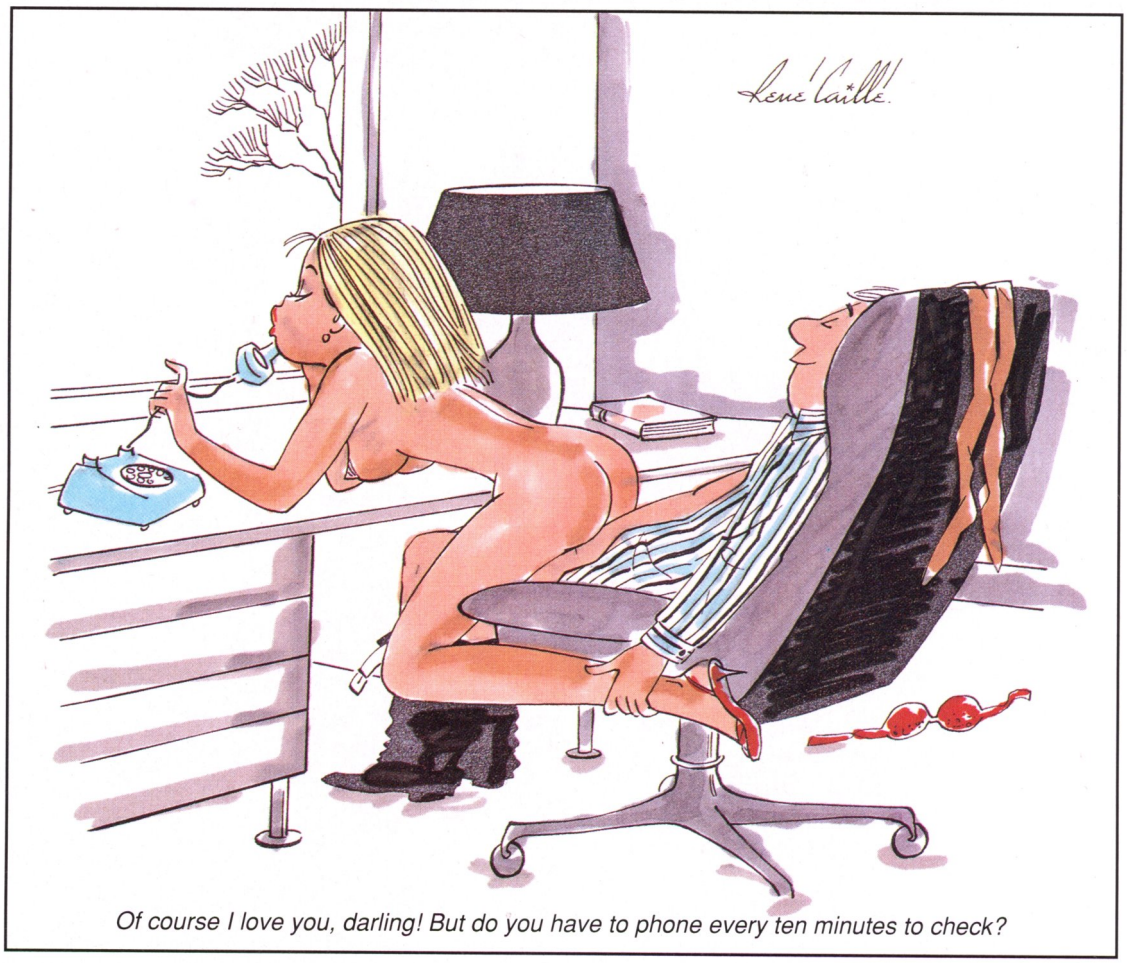
"I'm sorry," James said, "it's just you have such a sensitive touch..." I shook my head, as if to say it didn't matter, as my fingers touched his hardness for the first time.

My body just seemed to act naturally, without any decision on my part. My tongue stretched out, touched the tip of his cock, then ran down his length. I lowered my head to envelop as much of him as I could in my mouth. I gripped the base of his shaft with both hands as I sucked faster and faster. I seemed to know instinctively how to give him the most pleasure.

I felt the contraction at the root of his cock as the first spurt hit the back of my throat. I swallowed eagerly, not wanting to lose a drop, and not wanting to let him go. To my surprise he didn't go soft, and as I began to suck gently again, he even seemed to get a little harder.

James pulled me up so I was lying beside him on the sofa, and started stroking my thighs and bottom. I was acutely aware of his hard cock pressing against my thighs as he helped me wriggle out of my clothes. When I was naked I knelt astride him, sinking down very slowly so just the tip of his cock brushed against my sensitive pussy lips. Gradually I slid down until he was in me up to the hilt, and then I began to pump up and down until our excitement reached fever pitch.

That was the first time I've ever come at the same time as my lover. Afterwards we lay in each other's arms for some time, both of us exhausted but totally contented. I don't know yet if we'll keep seeing each other; I am happy with my husband, but it will be difficult to give up James' attentions. But in any case, next time I hear a joke about housewives having affairs with the milkman or whatever, I'll be a lot less inclined to laugh!
Name and address withheld.



Of course I love you, darling! But do you have to phone every ten minutes to check?

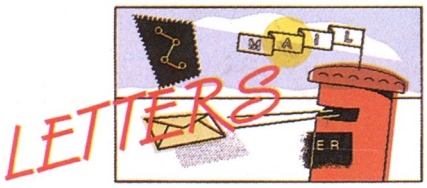
Party games

My husband's a prominent stockbroker and so I'm one of those 'company wives' who holds extravagant dinner parties and charms clients at important occasions.

I love my husband very much, but after 15 years I've started to get a bit sick of the whole charade. I mean so many of these clients are so boring.

I always look my best and I find it very easy to attract men, so at the endless cocktail parties I have to go to, I flirt with the clients to while away the hours. It doesn't bother my husband because he knows that I'd

Continued on page 98



Continued from page 52

never in a million years want to get off with any of them!

Recently, my husband was trying to get a new account from the chairman of a large corporation, and so, as usual, to butter this bloke up, we threw a little dinner party for him.

On the night, everything was going according to plan. I allowed most of the afternoon to get myself ready. I wore my brand new blue silk dress which slipped itself softly round my curves. I'm 38 now, and in excellent shape, with an ample, firm figure. I like low cut dresses, which reveal a good amount of cleavage, and this dress had very thin straps which showed off my firm shoulders too. I put my blonde hair up, allowing wisps to fall around my face and neck. George, my husband gasped when he saw me — and he's a good judge!

Anyway, at 8.30 on the dot, our important guest arrived with his wife Tara. He was a very charismatic man but when his wife walked in, my heart missed a beat.

She was absolutely gorgeous. She was perhaps 30, and part Italian. She had thick dark hair cascading over her shoulders, massive brown eyes with long lashes, and the most incredible figure I've ever seen. She wore a beautiful black velvet dress which clung to her like a second skin. She was obviously nervous as she looked a little breathlessly round the room. Then she smiled right at me, and the most incredible tingle ran up my spine and down again, making every hair on my flesh stand up.

Now I've always considered myself straight as a die, and pretty straitlaced as well, and I was very shocked that a woman looking at me could have such an effect. And I obviously had an effect on her too because she blushed brught red and glanced away.

All through dinner she kept glancing my way, and I could feel the sweat starting to prick on my skin, and a different wetness seeping between my legs. I looked at my husband but he was deep in conversation and oblivious to the whole thing. As she sipped her after dinner brandy, Tara suddenly smiled at me secretly.

I don't know what made me say it, but I asked her falteringly, "Would you like to help me make some more coffee, Tara?"

She nodded, and said in her husky, slightly accented voice, "I'd be glad to do anything, Christine."

Feeling decidedly shaky, I led her into the kitchen and pulled the door closed. She seemed to sense my nervousness, and smiled, before moving very close to me and kissing me passionately.

I felt myself beginning to respond, getting hotter and wetter inside my silk panties. I closed my eyes and slid my hands down her beautiful rounded hips and up her dress. I let out a gasp as I encountered her soft thighs above her stockings, and above that, a pair of panties that were damp. As my finger slid into her, she let out a moan, then she pushed me gently against the fridge and slid the straps of my dress down to release my full boobs, which she kissed excitedly. Then she gently lifted my dress up over my shoulders and began licking down towards my belly and down to my panties. Suddenly I experienced the most incredible sensation as she flicked her tongue against my clitoris, and then plunged her tongue deep inside my pussy.

I felt faint, both from the excitement, and the amazement that I was doing this. But my body had taken over! I could feel a climax building up inside me as she thrust her tongue in and out and I reached down to bring her off too. But I saw she was frigging herself vigorously and the sight of that pushed me over the edge. My pussy walls began to contract and I experienced an exploding orgasm. I heard Tara stifle a moan as she came, burying her tongue deep inside me.

It was the most incredible sex I've ever had. I don't know if I'll dare do it again, but the fantasy keeps me going through many a dull dinner party!

JP, Wolverhampton

All Claire?

Your Vol 26 No 3 had a lot of tasty treats inside it but for me the sweetest of the lot was Claire, the centre girl. If that was her first time in front of the camera, then it won't be her last. She has big things in front of her — and I'm not just talking about her fabulous 37 inch boobs. I'd happily buy a whole magazine devoted to her stripping off different outfits. How about it?

As a very keen amateur photographer, who also lives in the Southampton area, I'd love to invite her to our camera club so we could shoot her too. We can never find such perfect girls to photograph! Then, if you won't devote 100 pages to my favourite lady, perhaps I can make my own magazine — strictly for my own consumption, of course.

PW, Southampton

Claire says: *Since my Mayfair debut, I've been inundated with work so I won't get to see much of my Southampton home, but I'll bear your offer in mind. Modelling's got me hooked. It's a real turn-on too, if I'm honest!*

Put on all my clothes! Is it essential to the plot?

Food frolics

To perk up our sex life, my wife and I recently tried sex using different foods, and I'd like to share our findings with other *Mayfair* readers. On the nipples and boobs, chocolate ice cream is a clear winner. It makes my wife's nipples stand right up ready to be sucked!

On my willy and balls, fresh whipped cream is best: it's not cold enough to make me shrivel up, and it makes my wife's hand slip and slide up and down my shaft in a way that always has me coming all over the place! If your wife loves cream — and mine does — then you're guaranteed the best cock-suck ever!

But the best of all for slipping and sliding is a few good dollops of Mexican guacamole. All that soft avocado, mayonnaise and spicy chile between you makes lovemaking a wonderful gooey, tingling experience!

AR, Dorset

Undressing to thrill

I love the new-look *Mayfair*, which is, in my opinion, even more sophisticated and appealing than its predecessor. Still, I do have one reservation — the first of the new generation lacked one vital ingredient, which is the thrill a man experiences when a girl undresses in front of him.

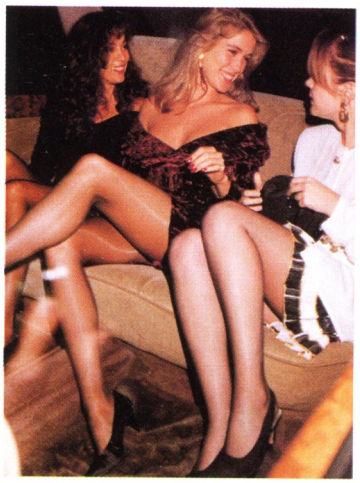
Nudes and semi-nudes are terrific, but I'd like to see the girls with all their clothes on to start with, maybe showing just a glimpse of their bra or panties. After all, that's what you get (with luck!) in the real world. I find the sight of a simple bra and panties very erotic, so please, don't rush it! Let us see the undressing — it's all the more enticing as an hors d'ouvre before the main dish!

TS, Singapore

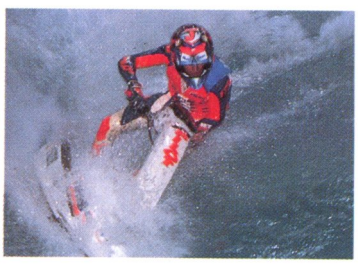
SCENE

This month in the section that sets the pace: Tony Price on the racing pedigree of the new Mercedes (opposite), Bob Holmes on the reborn snooker genius of Jimmy

White (page 14), an exclusive preview of Honda's road-eating NR750 (page 20), hot fashion model Denice Lewis kicks off our great



new papparazzi section (page 21), jetskis make a splash (page 30) and we



bring you our roundup of the media worth watching this month (page 31). Plus what you said to us, what the stars said to our spies and the stories the papers would sooner forget...

mayfair says

THE CHANGES MADE to *Mayfair* recently have provoked a lively correspondence from our readers, and we publish some of your comments in our Letters section. It's encouraging to see that the overall opinion is that while some features have disappeared, we've managed to replace them with even better ideas.

One change was universally approved of: we are now publishing more lovely girls in each issue than ever before. But in another area we definitely boobed (no pun intended): *Mayfair* readers expect to know how their girls measure up, and our omission of vital statistics from some of the spreads definitely wasn't to your liking! We figure you're right so now the Editor insists on running a tape around each girl before the shutter clicks.

Which brings us to *Flash*, our new photo feature which won't surprise you half as much as the sexy celebrities we've captured on film! The famous faces will be familiar, but what about the bits you're not supposed to see? You won't spot shots like these in the Sunday supps!

Leaving aside the girls — not something we like doing — you like our new design, although some of you seem concerned that the 'serious' content was about to disappear. Rest assured, *Mayfair* will remain the magazine that gives you the facts as well as the figures. Motoring, humour, sport, music, and ground-breaking features will continue to be strong elements in the mix. And look out for the big names from television and popular literature writing for *Mayfair* in the months to come.

But that's enough of contemplating our navels — there are much more interesting parts of other people's bodies worthy of attention. We hope you enjoy what's on offer in this issue, and keep letting us know your views.

glamour

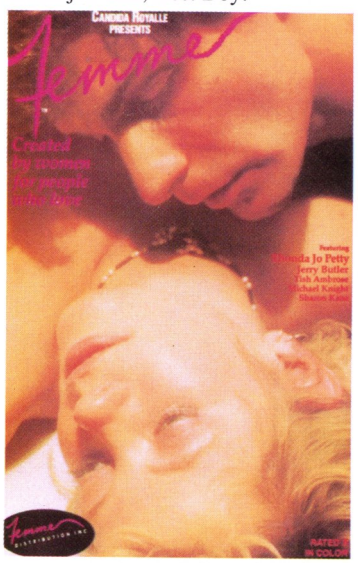
CANDIDA'S CAMERA

THE THREAT OF Iraqi terrorism seems to have every American avoiding planes like the plague. Even the daring Candida Royalle, Seventies blue movie star turned erotica sexpert, has cancelled her trip to England.

After starring in a number of XXX-rated movies, such as *Hard Silk* and *Blue Magic*, Candida set up her own film company to produce soft sex flicks for couples. The films, soon to be released on video in the UK, have won awards and are sexy too.

Anxious as ever to keep *Mayfair* readers up to date on the latest developments in the world of erotica, we obtained a few candid words from Candida about her own turn-ons.

This fearless lady may be a tad nervous of being singled out for martyrdom by Iraq, but she tackles questions in a forthright manner that makes you rather disappointed that she is an oceanful of cable away. Asked whether her own directing turns her on she replied, "I turn my sets into one big orgy!" It gives a whole new meaning to that confusing movie-credit job title, Best Boy.



motoring

MERCEDES BENZ THE RULES

IF YOU PICTURE a sports car as something you can hop into for a spin round the block or a run down to *The Actress and Bishop*, the Mercedes C11 probably isn't what you had in mind: after all, did your last MGB have 900 brake horsepower, twin triple-K blowers, a 250mph top end and no room for the hi-fi?

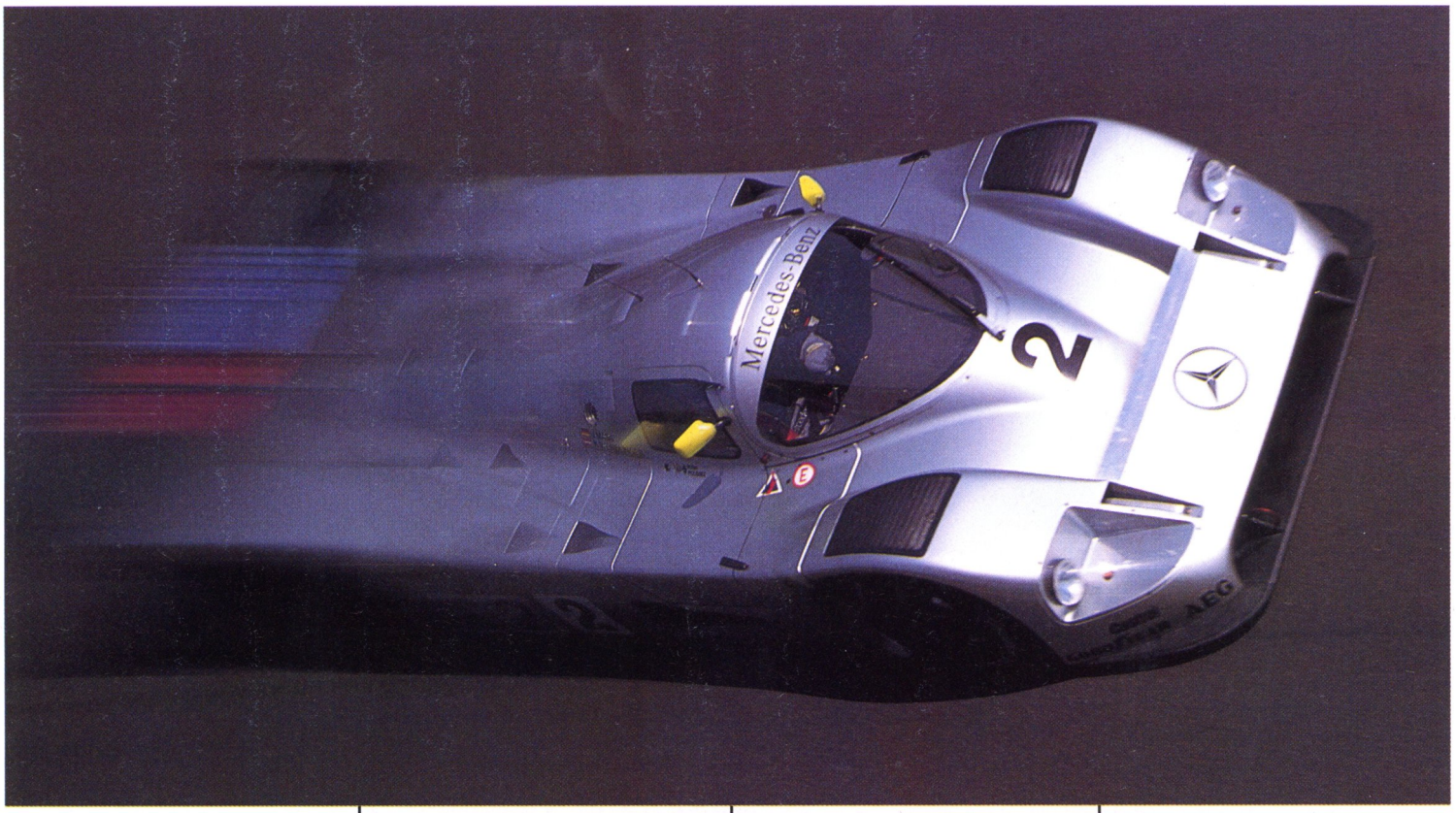
But according to the world motorsport governing body FISA, a sports car is what the C11 is: and to prove the point, it has just given Mercedes yet another win in the World Sports-Prototype Championship.

Over the last 90 years the Mercs, nicknamed the Silver Arrows after the traditional white paint of pre-war German GP cars was stripped off to save weight, have won the lot: Le Mans (twice) the Mille Miglia, the Targa Florio, and more Formula One Grands Prix than you can shake a gearstick at.

A casual observer might think that all this racing success has gone to waste. After all, what's the point of making ferocious machines for the track when all your production models are solid and stuffy saloon cars? OK, Merc have the brilliant 500SL, but it is the Audi Quattro and the M-Sport BMWs which, for most of us, typify the German approach to sporting performance.

When watching cars race, BMW and Audi enthusiasts can, if they have the cash, go out and buy a street legal version of the racer. Mercedes have never really capitalized on this before, but now they're making moves to put that situation right.

That's not to say they've decided to put the C11 into production (it's not that kind of prototype), but there is a visible connection between their new Evo-2 and a Mercedes racing car. The Evo-2 is nothing like the Group C Silver Arrow of course, but as the road going version of Daimler-Benz's contender in the current World Touring Car Championship it doesn't



Above: the race-bred new Evo-2. Left and top: Silver Arrows in action

do badly. Whilst strictly speaking it's street-legal, it isn't hard to do some very illegal things when you get it out on the streets.

The name Evo stands for Evolution: the car itself has its roots in a Cosworth-engined machine which went on sale in the mid-Eighties. Mercedes looked to the British tuning wizards Cosworth for assistance in developing their roadcars, in particular the 'entry level' Merc 190 which so badly needed a kick up the rear. The result was a car that shoots from 0-60 in less time than it takes to say its name. We should hope so too, as its full name was 'Mercedes-Benz 190E 2.5-16'.

Mercedes used the same technology for the Evo-2, pushing its bhp to 235. Such performance overkill is hard to justify, so why bother trying? Instead owners can relish the pleasure of pissing off 'sports car' drivers whose two-seaters don't stand a chance against this new generation of supersaloons.

That said, you're unlikely to mistake the Evo-2 for your regular Merc exec-express. The Ferrari F40-style rear spoiler is so pronounced that, in order to see whether anything is keeping up with him, the driver actually looks beneath it.

That rear wing is the clearest evidence of the thousands of hours of windtunnel work which went into producing the final shape. With an impressive drag co-efficient of 0.30 the car has numerous clever touches to ensure that at speed it remains in close contact with the ground. These include a 'negative-lift' front bumper, and a dual position bib spoiler which can be extended forward when increased speed demands greater aerodynamic efficiency.

The Speedlines are shod with 245/40 ZR17 tyres and the power comes from a sophisticated high-compression 2463cc engine. It may have just four cylinders, but then so have the M3 and the Cosworth Sierra, and nobody claims they don't pack a punch. On the track we're talking 330bhp, but even for the detuned, road-going version you've got that 235bhp from an engine in which nearly every component has been re-worked and upgraded. There's no turbo — and there's no need for one either. Indeed, following the current German practice, the car has a limiter to restrict the engine's top figure. As a result it can manage 'only' 156mph; 0-60 takes just under seven seconds.

Michael Schumacher, currently racing with the Silver Arrows and a professed fan of the Evo-2, argues that such performance "somehow makes you responsible". Responsible? If he's suggesting that enthusiasts will find it easy to resist showing off that sort of power, I suspect he's wrong.

Such performance is accompanied by the kind of quality and features one would expect in a car costing £55,200. Whilst buyers may forgo the optional larger racing wheels with central locking wheelnuts (for greater pitstop efficiency, we presume) they'll probably welcome the self-levelling suspension. Using it, the entire car, like a chicano hotrod and the odd Citroen, can be automatically raised to prevent damage to the underside.

The interior too is well-equipped with good leather and powered everything. It is generally hard to fault — except that the steering wheel is on the wrong side. Perhaps I'll buy a C11 after all... – *Tony Price*

sport

THE WHITE STUFF

JIMMY WHITE is not a man who makes a big deal of things. He pots 'em off the lamp shades without batting an eyelid, and when that powerplay earns him three snooker titles in a row his idea of celebration is a post-match pint or two in the bar.

"These tournaments are confidence boosters. I never play for the dough," he told me after collecting £330,000 in five weeks at the table. "I don't need to, I've got loads in hand. I'm not being flash, though, honest!" he added quickly.

If this is classic Jimmy-speak, his reaction to the late flowering of his genius is pure Tooting. "I just got sick of being beat by mugs. Now I'm practising 'arder than ever and I ain't messin' around no more."

Back in 1981 White was arguably the most awesome talent ever to wield a cue. Record TV audiences watched well after midnight, willing him on to break the relentless plod of arch rival Steve Davis. And even in his finest hour, 'The Wind', as his mates call him, still managed to look like a hustler; sipping lager with the dishevelled air of a man more at home in a shady dive than in the arc lights of 'the meejah'. But the same impetuousness that made us marvel, invariably left us frustrated at a snatched shot and another missed chance. He explains, "I'm takin' ten seconds longer over each shot now. I shoulda done this years ago."

White's change of fortune is as gratifying as it is unexpected. He was developing a bald patch and a paunch; the promise of '81 had become a distant blur and his eight titles prior to this season seemed a paltry haul.

White seemed destined to breeze through history as the finest player never to win the world championship. He came close in 1984, losing 18-16 to a man he calls 'The Nugget'. And it bothered him. "I think of nothing else but the worlds," he acknowledged. "It's burned on me bleedin' brain — and me game suffers."

Blood brothers of the green baize: Jimmy White and Alex Higgins. Below: White and manager Barry Hearn

Steve Davis and his meticulously fashioned game thwarted the flawed genius for a decade, and just as The Nugget seemed to be losing his lustre along came another cold-eyed killer with a cue — the disciplined and devastating Stephen Hendry.

'He, too, will rule for a decade,' said the experts. That left White to inherit the baize in the year 2000 — if he was still around. It seemed unlikely. 'He's making 200K a year, and spending it on betting and booze,' was the consensus.

Jimmy's obituary was virtually written after his performance at the qualifiers in Blackpool last September. Hong Kong billiard hall manager Frankie Chan and Australian grandad Eddie Charlton were two of the pros who prevented White from qualifying for the concluding stages of the overseas ranking events. His absences were to be greeted with dismay and disbelief, and provoked further speculation that The Whirlwind had blown himself out.

In one of snooker's classics only four months earlier, White had finally knocked Davis out of the world championship. He was so drained by the effort, however, that he could not halt Hendry. Apart from the World Matchplay title, it was almost two years since he had won a major tournament.

"It was frustratin' to be second to The Nugget," he confessed, "and then when I did beat him and win a tournament, it was in bleedin' Canada!" The win went unnoticed by the fans back home.

No-shows and shock defeats fuelled the doubts and even Barry Hearn said: "I've had more trouble with Jimmy than the rest of my stable put together." White admitted that the pressure was on: "Not only is there The Nugget and Hendry, but all those young bloods snappin' at my 'eels. I'm not a kid no more."

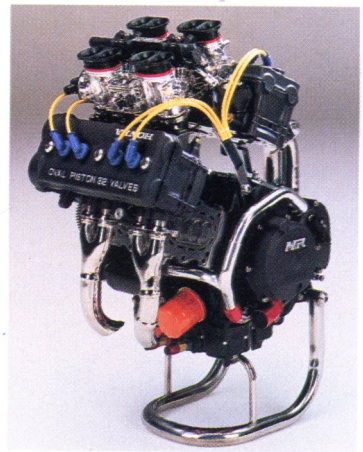
No sooner had the graduate of Zan's in Tooting acknowledged the unthinkable than he won the World Matchplay in December 1989. But few shared Hearn's optimism when he said, "It's fitting that the last title of the Eighties has gone to the game's most exciting player. The Nineties are now up to him."

Hearn added, "It's been nothing short of disgraceful that with all his ability, Jimmy has gone so long without winning. But he's showing signs of maturing both on and off the table." White seemed to get the message: "Eight wins is disgusting compared to Davis's 50 odd titles."

The immaculate Davis was chalk to White's cheese, possessing Zen-like concentration to White's Zan-like carelessness. His awesome presence seemed impregnable. Until Hendry came along.

It is doubtful that White could have toppled King Davis alone, for it needed more than one victory. But now that Hendry has tarnished the Nugget, White has picked up his cue with renewed vigour. His defeat in the Benson and Hedges Masters in February looks to be a temporary setback.

The weakening of Davis's grip on the game is good news for White, and he is probably well aware of the debt he owes Hendry. But the hustler is unlikely to show any gratitude at next month's World Championship. – *Bob Holmes*



Above: the NR750 in all its glory. Far left: as the rider sees it. Left: that bizarre 32-valve block.

excess

ON YER BIKE

THE WAITING is nearly over: our insiders in the motorcycle biz tell us that the NR750, the superbike Honda have slaved over since 1987, will soon be hitting the streets. And if our picture doesn't convince you that this machine is big news, the expected price tag might: don't expect much change from £30,000.

Before you choke on your champagne, remember that the NR750 is a little special: you'll be getting more than a valve per grand, after all. A bargain, we'd say.

Eight valves for each of the four cylinders sounds meaty enough, but the truly radical difference comes in the shape of the cylinders themselves: they're *oval*. Yep, we kid you not. Plain old round wasn't good enough for the Honda bods: they couldn't pack all those valves into the conventional setup, so they took the simple step of squashing the cylinders to suit. The new engine design also allows for a shorter stroke, pushing the rev red-line up to a screaming 15,000.

Honda are playing a cagey game with their new monster, keeping the performance figures under wraps until closer to launch date. Our source tells us to expect a groin-busting bhp figure and a 0-60 hovering on the two second mark.

The NR750's performance may still be uncertain, but its looks certainly aren't: have a decko at that red rocket above and tell us you wouldn't sell your girlfriend for it. See you in the bankruptcy court...

mayfair reads

Our round up of the tastiest true stories from the world's press

JAPAN RECENTLY played host to a bizarre ceremony — a memorial service for cast-off bras. 200,000 second-hand foundation garments were piled in a Tokyo street while incense-bearing priests chanted and blessed them. They (the bras that is) were then set alight. The event was organised by the Triumph underwear company: a spokesman said, "We wanted to show our appreciation, and thankfully we received plenty of support." – *Peking Post*

HOOKER CELESTE HORVATH claims that watching such soap operas as Dallas and Baywatch turned her onto prostitution. That was her defence when taken to court in New York. She said that the devil was behind the shows and had made her go out and solicit for sex. After the trial was adjourned overnight she claimed to have been miraculously cured by Jesus who had visited her in the cell, disguised as Joan Collins. She was remanded for psychiatric tests. – *New York Times*

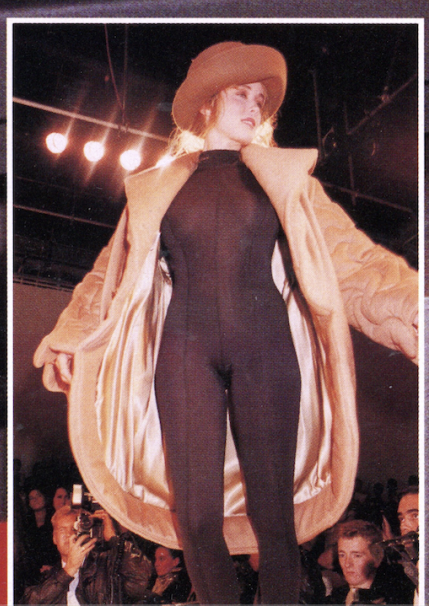
POLISH UNDERTAKER Lezsec Gramski was jailed after police found him abusing his position, not to mention his clients. If widows didn't pay up on time he would demand sex, failing which he threatened to dig up the corpse until they coughed up or gave in to his demands. Any spare time Gramski had between harrassing people was spent wearing false teeth from corpses and dressing the cadavers up in his mother's clothes. – *The Star*

MAYFAIR BRINGS YOU the shots the papers dare not publish – and to prove it, here's top fashion model and friend of the stars Denice Lewis letting us in on her choice of underwear (tights only, by the look of it!). Denice, who has been romantically linked with Jason Donovan (above) and actor George Hamilton, is rumoured to be the highest-paid catwalk model of the decade – and seeing her gorgeous face and fabulous figure,

Flash!

Britain's hottest model Denice Lewis shows more than she bargained for!

we can see why. We note that newly-launched 'men's magazine' Esquire publishes an account of a date with Denice this month, along with a rather dull photograph of the lady. We hope you agree that our exposé of Ms Lewis is a little more interesting – and rest assured we have an even bigger celebrity exclusive for you next month. Who is it? Ah, now that would be telling!



sport

A BIGGER SPLASH

AS WATER SKIERS, swimmers and windsurfers will tell you, the trouble with those sports in Britain is that they can be bloody freezing! So here's some good news for shivering water sportsmen: this year's world jetski championships have come in from the cold to be held indoors for the first time.

Away from bitter winds and curious currents, the jet skiers were able to race faster and more safely around a course at a giant indoor basin in Bercy, France. The 10,000 spectators saw competitors from Britain, France, Italy, Germany, Belgium, the Pacific region, America and Australia charge around at speeds of 70mph – and indoors that's shifting! Unlike outdoor events, losing control on a corner here could have you crashing into the spectators.

The venue might have been new and different, but the results weren't. The winners were once again American jet-ski champions Chris Fischetti and Jeff Jacobs (who also won in 1987,1988 and 1989). Unfortunately, on jetskis at least, Britannia certainly doesn't rule the waves...

mayfair hears

Who said that? Mayfair sticks its ear where it doesn't belong

'She lost it on Christmas day. She compared it to qualifying for the Olympics' — Former school friend of Julia *Pretty Woman* Roberts on losing her virginity.

'I bet each of these honeys is worth at least $6 million' — Wardrobe assistant talking about Madonna's boobs, which she has to squeeze into a rather tight dress in her latest film.

'Whenever I get the opportunity I like to make love. It's a good way of keeping fit' — Amanda *The Word* de Cadenet on exercising those all-important muscles.

'I always make sure I have the right people behind me' — Danni Minogue (Kylie's younger sister) on knowing where you're coming from.

'I discovered you could get women to take their clothes off if you had a guitar' — Lemmy from Motorhead on why he became a rock star.

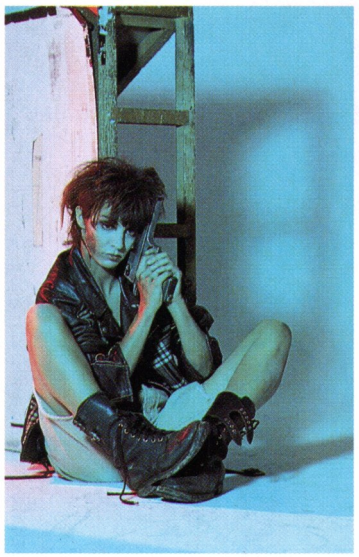
'I'm not as smart as you think I am. And I'm not the prick you think I am' — Film star Kevin Costner indulging in some self-analysis.

mayfair recommends

Our selection of the best entertainment on offer this month

VIDEO

NIKITA (Palace) Stylish French thriller from Luc (SUBWAY) Besson starring the delicate Anne Parillaud as a punk drug addict who officially 'dies' in police custody, but is reborn as a sleek and sexy government assassin dealing out designer death. MY FAIR LADY meets THE TERMINATOR and has an orgy. Tasty.

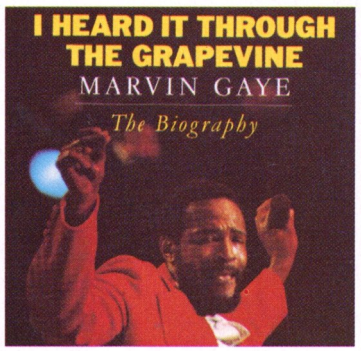


BLUE STEEL (Vestron) Jamie Lee Curtis plays a butch rookie cop who says 'I joined the force because I want to shoot people.' Unfortunately people also want to shoot her, notably psychotic commodities broker Ron Silver whose obsession with Jamie leads him to start a random killing spree. A gender-bender version of DIRTY HARRY, every bit as slick, stylish and thrilling as the Eastwood original.

GREMLINS 2: THE NEW BATCH (Warner Home Video) As close as we're ever likely to get to a live-action cartoon, this surprisingly hilarious effort has those slimy funsters let loose in a hi-tech NYC skyscraper. Look out for cameo appearances from the likes of Christopher Lee and John Wayne, and the cable TV network advertising CASABLANCA — 'now in colour and with a happy ending.' No more sequels though, we think: this one uses up every Gremlin gag in the book.

BOOKS

I HEARD IT THROUGH THE GRAPEVINE Even before his father gunned him down, Marvin Gaye was a soul singing legend, but we've had to wait till now for Gaye's close friend Sharon Davies to reveal the real man behind hits like WHAT'S GOING ON. He emerges as a complex and troubled figure: a man with strong religious convictions, a permanent erection and some very peculiar sexual habits. Gives SEXUAL HEALING a whole new meaning.



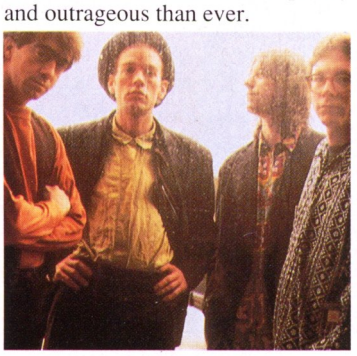
FILM

GREEN CARD A romance in reverse, this one pairs ugly hulk Gerard Depardieu (EVERY FRENCH FILM EVER MADE) with the gorgeous Andie MacDowell (SEX, LIES AND VIDEOTAPE), as total strangers who arrange a marriage of convenience — MacDowell so she can get an apartment let only to married couples; Depardieu so he can get his Green Card and stay in the States. Inevitably, immigration officials come knocking and the incompatible couple have to create a convincing history to their relationship. A few good belly laughs help this one to narrowly avoid going down the slush chute.

GODFATHER III It's taken Francis Coppola 16 years to get part III together, so it ought to be something special. It is. Al Pacino prowls about spitting venom and bullets at his nearest and dearest, still the coolest gangster since Bogart. A film for the power-mad psychopath in all of us.

COMPACT DISC

DOORS SOUNDTRACK Film soundtracks without the accompanying pictures are a bit like vanilla ice cream without the chocolate sauce – bland, disappointing and ultimately unmemorable. But 'The Doors', the soundtrack to Oliver Stone's controversial biopic, succeeds through the canny measure of using the LA dopeheads' original recordings. On CD, the timeless classics sound more contemporary and outrageous than ever.



OUT OF TIME The latest offering from Georgia rockers REM is the long-awaited follow-up to Green, a record which made the arty foursome a) highly credible and b) extremely rich. And... it's rather good! Slap it on when you're doing 90 on the M1, and it sounds even better.

APACHE

There is only one thing more important than a tank on the battlefields of the Gulf – and that's a tank-buster. The American Apache AH-64 combat chopper may be sophisticated, but it's also big, ugly and devastatingly effective, writes defence expert Martin Temperley.

Its evil shape could have been conjured up in a bad dream, rather than on an aircraft designer's drawing board. Malevolent and insect-like, McDonnel Douglas' AH-64 Apache is a strong candidate for the meanest looking helicopter of all time.

Helicopters are the most unscientific form of flying machine. Compared to a fixed wing aircraft, they are slow, require masses of horsepower, are short on range and payload, and incredibly expensive.

At $14 million – the cost of a small airliner – the two-seater Apache is no exception. It packs 3400hp, but can only touch 184mph in level flight, and can just about manage a flight of 300 miles.

Extravagance of this sort can only be justified by the most specialized of duties. The helicopter's only virtue is its ability to hover and land and take off vertically, so it is perfect for rescue, police work or executive transport for the most self-important VIPs. It is also a ferocious instrument of war, and the AH-64 pushes the definition of the armed combat helicopter to the limit.

US Army Apache helicopters from units such as as the 12th Combat Aviation Brigade and the 227th Aviation Regiment based in Saudi Arabia have flown armed patrols since the opening hours of Operation Desert Storm. Their use at the time of writing has been strictly limited, although Apaches are already reported to have blasted an Iraqi outpost – believed to be a radar installation – with Hellfire missiles and attacked patrolling enemy troops.

Desert Storm isn't the Apache's first war. Eleven were deployed in Panama in December 1989. But Apache is designed for use against armour, and it is during the offensive against Saddam Hussein's armies that the Apache will test a long-cherished military theory. US and Soviet military officers believe that one of the most effective ways of destroying large numbers of enemy tanks is by using heavily armed

WARRIOR

Above: the Apache looses off a volley of laser-guided Hellfire anti-tank missiles. Below: the sights work better in darkness than daylight.

helicopters. Every inch of the Apache's ugly shape testifies to this purpose.

The helicopter is intended to 'live with the troops' in the front line, and be capable of flying and fighting at night and in bad weather. This is a dangerous business, and the Apache's designers have trodden a careful path in developing a helicopter which can both inflict and absorb damage.

It is both heavily armed and heavily armoured. An electrically-controlled M230 Chain Gun mounted under the fuselage can spit out high explosive shells at a rate of 625 per minute. Under its stubby wings, up to 16 Hellfire anti-tank missiles can be carried.

Every part of the helicopter is packed with special engineering touches intended to withstand or tolerate damage. If an enemy shell blasts a hole in the main gearboxes and all the transmission oil is lost, the cogs will still continue to turn for one hour. Crucial bearings have tough steel collars capable of withstanding direct hits from heavy machine guns.

The entire fuselage is reckoned to be strong enough to resist 23mm expolosive shells – although the canopy cannot – and the cockpit area around the pilot's and gunner's positions is protected with tough boron armour shields. The seats and cockpit area are designed to give the crew a good chance of survival after an impact at 42 feet per second. In a bad crash, the gun mounting collapses safely into the fuselage.

TheApache is aerobatic, and can be rolled without the main rotor twisting off – although this is not recommended with a heavy load of weapons!

A textbook Apache operation would go as follows: an 18-strong Apache company would rotate in three shifts of six aircraft, commuting back and forth between the front line and the forward rearming and refuelling post 20 miles to the rear. Other army scout helicopters in the forward line would pick out enemy targets with sights mounted on tall masts above the rotor hub – sights which work even better at night than in daylight. Each scout would locate enemy armour with pulse-coded laser beams, putting a bright spot of laser energy on the target. This is visible only to the electronic eye in the nose of each Hellfire missile carried by the Apaches.

It is here that the Apache mission starts to resemble a particularly deadly computer game. The co-pilot/gunner in the front seat of the Apache uses his "Target Acquisition and Designation System" (TADS), a group of infra-red and laser equipment mounted in a ball on the nose of the Apache, which bears an uncanny resemblance to an insect's eye.

TADS provides an image that is projected onto a monocle mounted before the gunner's right eye. Wherever he points his head, the TADS ball on the nose follows – and so, incidentally, does the 30mm chain gun under the cockpit. It is a sinister sight.

Using a keyboard, the gunner programmes the Hellfire missiles with the same pulsecodes being used by the accompanying scout helicopters. Launched into the target area at a range of up to five miles, and flying at a pre-selected height above the ground, the Hellfire uses its electronic seeker eye to look for the spot with the right code. It needs to be careful – there may be plenty of other ordnance in the air.

Once the target is located, the missile's microchip-driven fins steer the projectile into a terminal dive, resulting – if everything goes as planned – in the destruction of a tank in a blinding flash.

With a shift of six Apaches working on the front, six others are refuelling and rearming, and the third part of the team is travelling either to or from the killing fields.

Tested so far only in European exercises, this idea of anti-armour defences has worked remarkably well. According to US claims, every night up to one third of the enemy's armour was destroyed by the Apaches and their simulated Hellfire barrage. The enemy never even saw or heard the Apaches, which are claimed by their manufacturer McDonnell Douglas to "own the night".

The Apache may be at the top of the list of the British Army's requirement for an anti-armour helicopter. In theory, Britain needs up to 120 helicopters, but helicopter purchase is still a touchy political issue. British soldiers would particularly like a more potent version called Longbow Apache, with a powerful radar which could track targets and lock-on its Hellfires before launch.

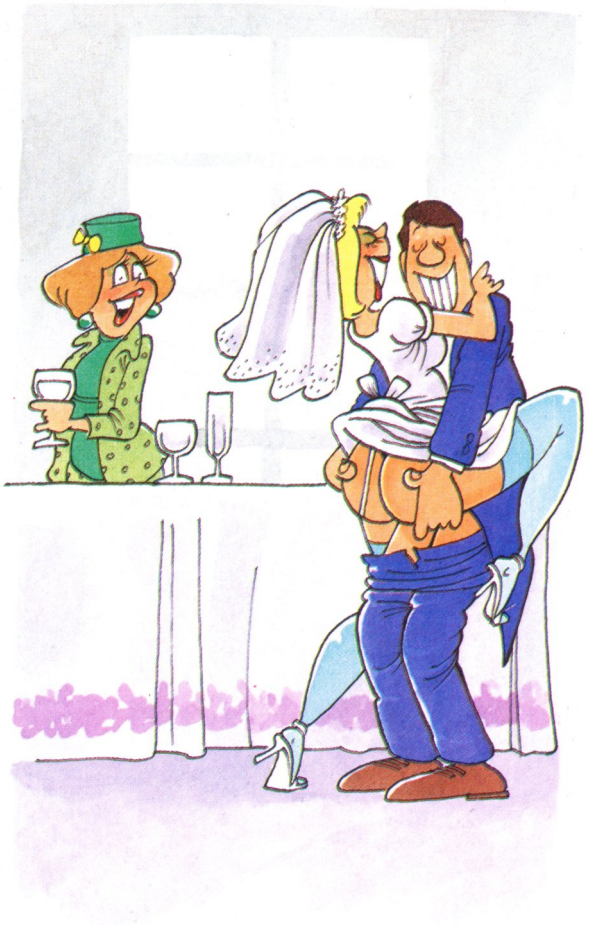
Whether Britain purchases the Apache or not, our forces are grateful that this terrifying piece of hardware is fighting on our side.

'Sorry about this, but weddings always affect me this way'

Holy matrimony! The happy couple used to wait until the honeymoon before having and holding. Cartoonist Anthony draws his own conclusions

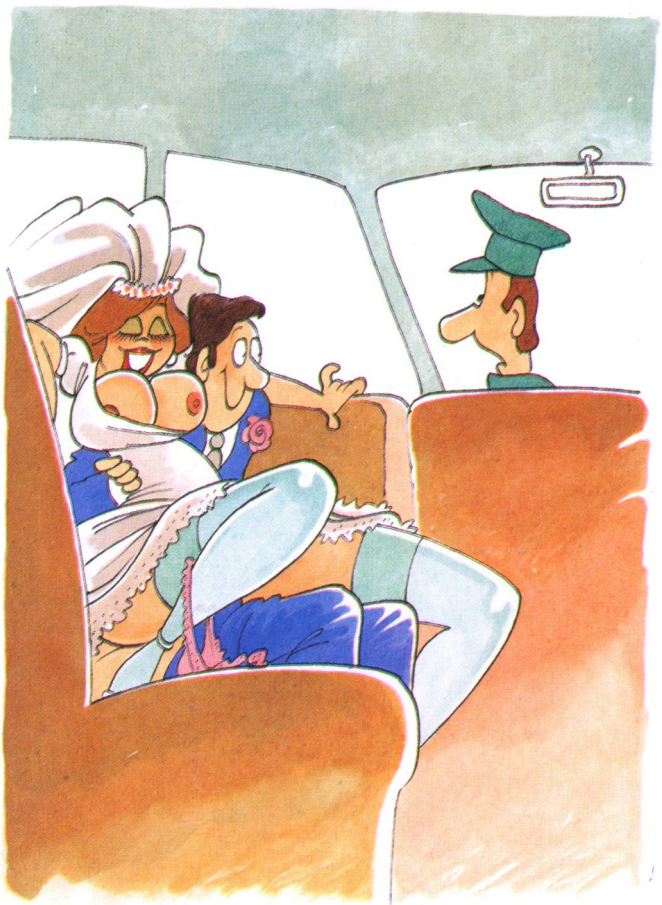
Wedding Belles!

'Angela! What are you doing here? You said you were having your hen party over at the Dog and Duck'

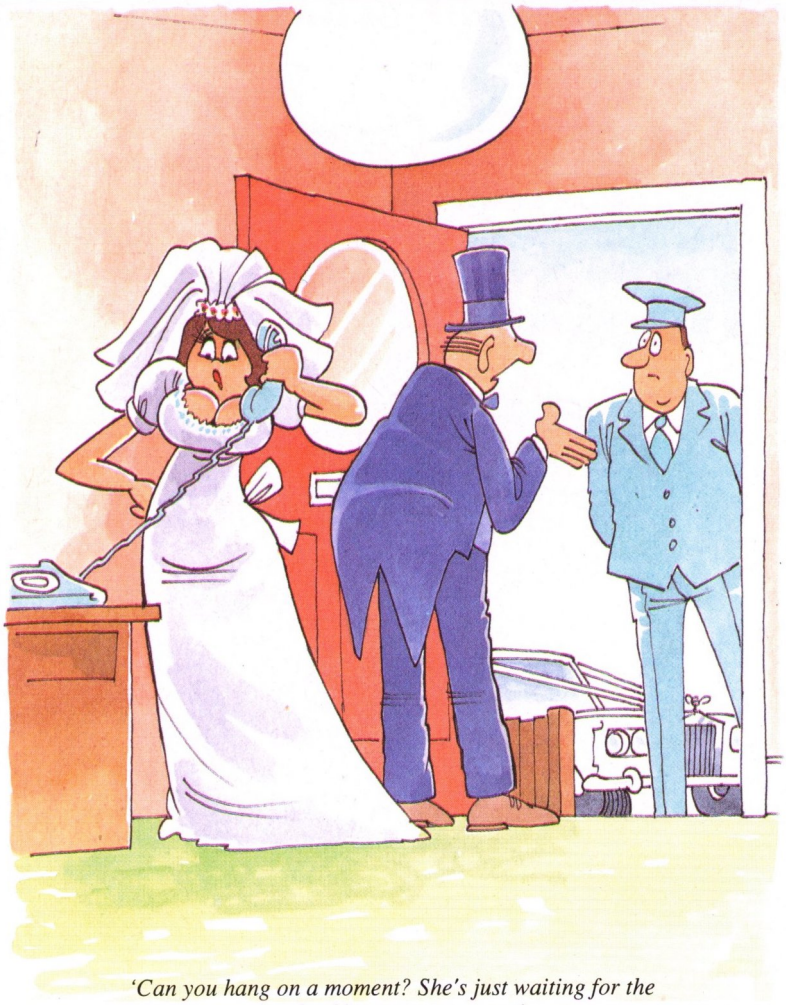


'I suppose you two must be eager to set off on your honeymoon'

*'What's he doing here? I thought the best man's duty was to look after the **groom** before the wedding!'*

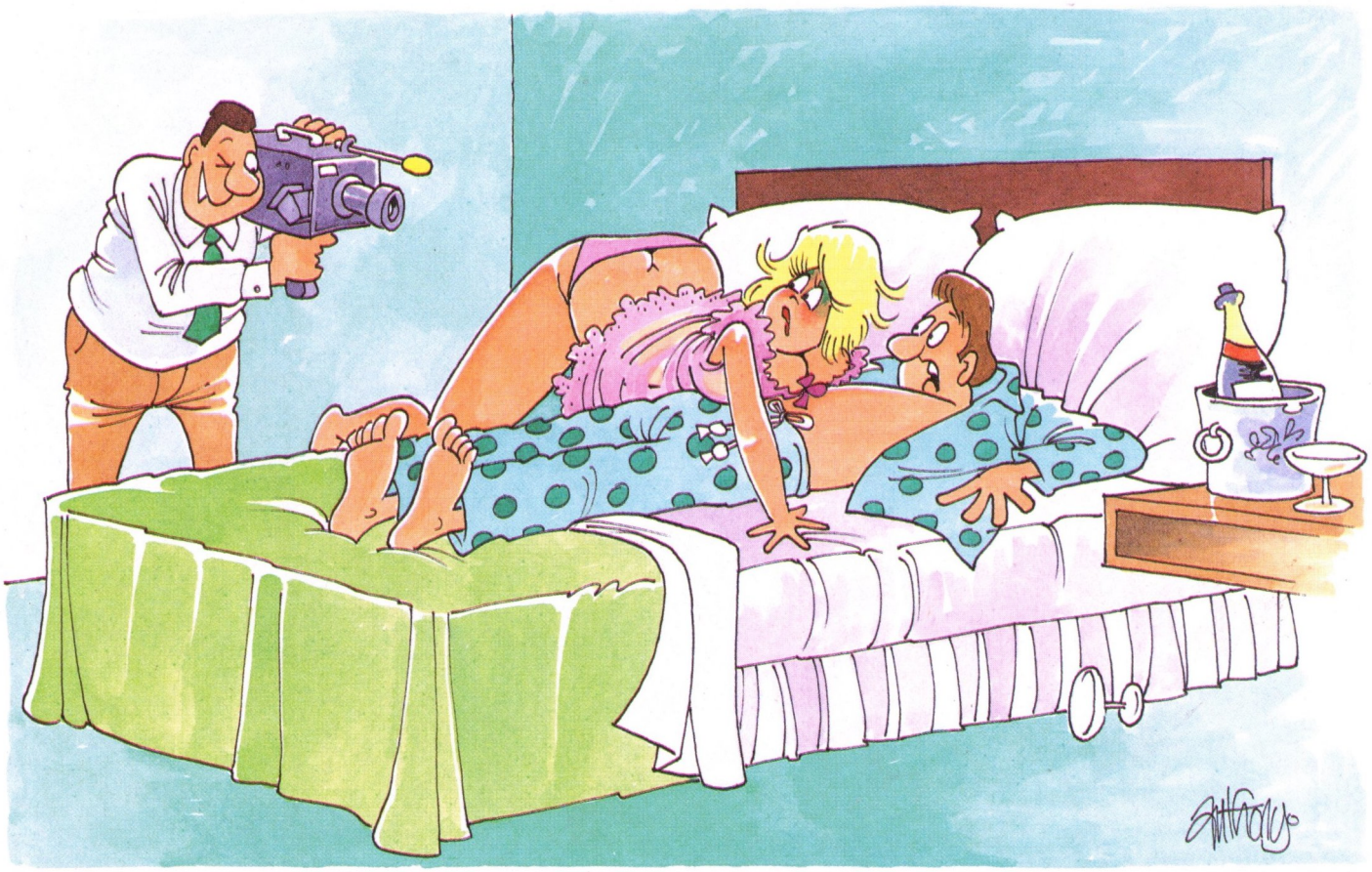


'Ahem! Would you like me to take the longer route to the reception, Sir?'



'Can you hang on a moment? She's just waiting for the result of her pregnancy test'

'I was under the impression we shook hands and gently pecked her on the cheek'



'He says he wants to finish up the film'

This month we talk to two respondents — from very differing backgrounds — about the one thing that they have in common: they both have particular sexual fetishes which they need to fulfil in order to achieve full sexual satisfaction

Quest

THE LABORATORY OF HUMAN RESPONSE

Quest: Thank you for agreeing to help us with this survey.

PR Girl: I'm only too glad to help, to be honest. I believe that women don't get involved enough with the type of magazine that the survey is being done for. I don't mean that I want to see naked men in them, just that both men and women enjoy reading these magazines, so both sides should contribute.

Quest: Obviously you read them yourself.

PR Girl: Yes, I have done since I left home to go to college. I couldn't before then, as my parents would have had a fit if they found out. But once I had my full freedom for the first time in my life, I started buying them on a regular basis. This was just about the time that I was finding out that sex could be fun, not just something that blokes boasted about and girls giggled about in the toilet at parties. Something I could enjoy, take the lead in, that was what I wanted, and when I went away to college I found I really could let myself go.

Quest: Would you say that you had a high sex drive?

PR Girl: A very healthy one, yes, but not unusually high. It may sound high to a lot of people — especially when they read this — but I know from talking to other women friends that their sex drive is at least equal to mine. It's just that women don't talk about these things so much.

Quest: And how important are your particular fetishes to your own sex life?

PR Girl: Very important. They're the focal point by which I can get aroused, and also how I stay aroused once I've reached that stage. I have several fetishes, but my favourite one is where I masturbate myself for someone. I love people watching me do that, because it's so...

PERSONAL FILE
Name.... Withheld
Sex.... Female
Age.... 24
Town of origin.... Poole
Other details.... This university graduate now works in Public Relations for the local council. She is single, though has had sexual experience with both male and female partners.

forbidden somehow. I remember the first time I got pleasure from being watched. I was 19 and in my second year at college. I don't know how I can explain the feelings, or where they stem from. All I know is that whenever I masturbate, the feelings of pleasure that I get are much more intense when I'm feeling guilty about doing it, or if I'm likely to be caught. Which of course makes me frig all the more!

Quest: And have you ever been caught?
PR Girl: Yes, that's how I have my fetish fulfilled.
Quest: Do you do it on purpose, or is it accidental?
PR Girl: That's hard to explain — probably a bit of both. The first time I was caught accidentally, and the pleasure that came from that event led to everything else.
Quest: Tell us about that first time.
PR Girl: I was sharing a house with some fellow students, all girls of around my age. Things were pretty free and easy — we'd go and chat while each other was in the bath and that kind of thing — but I don't think anyone had any thoughts about each other's sex lives, apart from mild curiosity. I was single at that time, so was obviously doing a lot of masturbating. One afternoon I was alone in the house, and started to feel very randy — after watching a soap opera, of all things!

I was kneeling down in front of the mirror, my knickers round my knees.

Quest: And you wanted to relieve yourself sexually?
PR Girl: Yes, I went upstairs to my bedroom and started my usual masturbation routine. I stripped off very slowly, caressing myself all over, feeling my skin start to flush and my nipples harden. I took off my bra and stood in front of the mirror, rubbing the flat of my palms over my boobs and stomach, then in circles right down to my pussy. I kept my knickers on up to that point, and as I watched in the mirror I could see a wet stain of my juices forming on the crotch. I started slipping my index finger in and out of my panties, watching myself all the time, just letting the tip touch my clit. By then I was really aroused, and because I could watch every change in my facial expressions and see my body becoming increasingly aroused, the pleasure was increased dramatically.

Quest: Did you need someone to watch you, to really bring you to the point of orgasm?
PR Girl: Yes, that's exactly it, and at that moment my luck was in, because I heard the door slam and one of my flatmates came upstairs. We always used to be in and out of each other's rooms, so I knew she'd come to the door within a matter of minutes. But instead of trying to get dressed or at least disguise what I'd been doing, I carried on. I knew I was going to be found, and that excited me so much that I was trembling.
Quest: What was your friend's reaction?
PR Girl: She just stood there gaping for a minute. I must have looked quite a sight, because by then I was kneeling down in front of the mirror, my knickers round my knees, and my fingers right inside my pussy! I could see her face in the mirror and she just gawped at me. I suppose it's not every day that you come home and catch one of your best friends naked and wanking herself to orgasm!
Quest: Was she shocked?
PR Girl: Only at first, and then I think that sex took over! Just the sight of me being so wanton aroused her. I watched as she walked up behind me and stood over me, just watching the way I was panting as I strained not to come right there in front of her. I decided then that I was going to carry on, and started moving my finger over my clit again, slipping another couple inside my pussy to feel how slippery and wet I was. I don't think I'd ever been as aroused as that before. Because I was on all fours and frigging myself quite vigorously, my boobs were really swinging, and Julia surprised me when she knelt down behind me and started massaging them — all the while our eyes meeting in the mirror.
Quest: Had Julia ever had an encounter of this kind before?
PR Girl: No, and to my knowledge she's not had any sexual contact with women except for me. After that day, when she frigged me and licked my pussy from behind as I knelt up in front of the mirror, we had sex a few times, but I think she felt guilty about deceiving her boyfriend.
Quest: But this experience meant that your fetish for being caught masturbating came to the fore.
PR Girl: Yes. After that, I started going to great lengths to be caught masturbating by someone, though other than Julia it's usually been with men. I find the idea of a man watching me do something that's usually thought of as so private incredibly stimulating. I could give you hundreds of examples of times when I've started rubbing myself or frigging in front of men.
Quest: Could you give us one of those examples?
PR Girl: Well, once when I was visiting my parents for New Year, a friend of my father's was also staying there. He was in his early fifties and very distinguished looking. I have a real penchant for men like that, but when I made a subtle play for him he spurned my advances. I decided I had to have him, and knew that he wouldn't be able to resist if he caught me wanking.
Quest: What did you do?
PR Girl: I knew he was using the guest bathroom, so I observed what time he took his evening bath and made sure I was in there just before. I undressed and stood in there naked, with the door unlocked, waiting and knowing that any moment he'd be in there. I was so aroused, it was incredible. I ran my fingers right along my crack, feeling how wet I was. As I knew he would, Gordon came in a couple of moments later, having no idea I'd be in there — I think he almost dropped dead when he saw me in there, looking him right in the eye and stroking my little pussy for him. The look on his face made my orgasms come really quickly, one after the other, but I never took my eyes off the expression on his face. He couldn't wait to get his cock up me after that, and the sex between us was incredible.
Quest: So would you admit that you need this element of being caught out to satisfy you fully?
PR Girl: In the main, yes.
Quest: Thank you.

PERSONAL FILE
Name.... Withheld
Sex.... Female
Age.... 29
Town of origin.... Kendal
Other details.... This housewife is married to a garage mechanic. They have no children, and before their marriage six years ago she was a virgin.

Quest: You were still a virgin at 23. Was this through choice, or was there some problem about sex for you?
Housewife: The thing was that I was really very ignorant about sex. My mother died when I was young, so my sister and I were brought up by my father, with the help of a lot

Quest

of older relatives, and so sex just wasn't mentioned in our house. I think my father just believed that he wouldn't know what to tell us, as we were girls. And at the time when I was at school, sex education was pretty basic. So I didn't actually know much about the mechanics of sex.

Quest: Were you interested in it?

Housewife: No, not really. My husband was my first boyfriend; we met when I was 17. I was very shy then, and so was he, so we didn't do much at all for the first couple of years apart from kissing and holding hands.

Quest: When you got married, what was your sex life like?

Housewife: To be honest, disappointing. We first made love on our honeymoon, the morning after we'd got married. The whole process just seemed like... nothing really. All I could think was, 'Is that it?' And I know my husband felt the same. But because we're both pretty reticent about these things, neither of us mentioned anything. We just carried on like that. Things got better, of course, just a bit. But we were stuck in a rut.

Quest: What happened to change all that?

Housewife: I think the change came in me initially. Because I don't work I had a lot of time to myself during the day, and gradually I began to have a more open mind about sex. I think it started from reading women's magazines, finding that there were thousands of women just like me who found sex a problem. And that there were solutions to it! So I started to explore my body myself, when I was alone — masturbating, looking at myself in the mirror naked and stroking myself and that kind of thing. And I found that I could get pleasure from my body. I found out all the places that I liked to be touched, that if I stroked myself behind the thighs I could make myself shiver, that the back of my ears was especially sensitive, that kind of thing. And I began to go further.

Quest: Was there a particular occasion when this escalated?

Housewife: Yes. My husband and I had been invited to a fancy dress party and we'd hired costumes from a local shop. Mine was a Wren's uniform from the Second World War, an airforce blue colour with a tailored jacket that hugged my waist closely and one of those tight skirts. It looked really authentic, and as I stood in front of the mirror looking at myself in it, I got aroused. Just smoothing my skirt over my hips and feeling that I was another person almost, in that outfit, got me feeling really randy.

Quest: Did that surprise you?

Housewife: Yes, it did rather. I felt very naughty. I could feel the inside of my thighs getting hot, and my pussy becoming wet. I stripped off my skirt and jacket and fondled my breasts through the blouse that I had on underneath. They felt tingly and very sensitive. I started rubbing them hard, and with my other hand I rubbed my pussy through my panties. I felt so excited I just stood in front of the mirror and made myself come there and then, looking at myself the whole time. When I saw my face when I came... I looked so abandoned, really passionate, and sexy too. I'd never thought of myself in those terms before.

Quest: This had an immediate effect on your husband too, didn't it?

Housewife: I should say! He came home from work and when we were getting ready to go out he told me to come and show him what my outfit looked like. As I stood in front of him he had a real glint in his eye, looking at the way my nipples were hard and pushing the tight jacket right out. 'That's made you feel horny,' he said to me, just like that. He'd never said anything like that before, and to hear it from his own lips just really aroused me.

Quest: What did you do?

Housewife: I started stroking and rubbing myself, doing all the things I usually did when I was alone, and I could tell it was turning him on. 'Take it off,' he told me, and so I gradually stripped for him, right down to my stockings and suspenders. I was wearing those seamed stockings, the old-fashioned ones, and he loved those. He was running his fingers up the back of my legs, and then he bent down in front of me and started stroking my buttocks. His nose was right by my pubic mound, and I knew he must be able to smell my juices. I was panting as he just stroked my bum cheeks, but I wanted him to play with my pussy, to rub my juices all over my love lips and bring my clitty out of its hood and frig me off. But I just couldn't bring myself to ask him to do those things. I was almost blushing thinking about it.

Quest: So how did you get around that shyness?

Housewife: I reached down and pulled my lips apart with my fingers, so that he could see how wet and pink I was inside my pussy. Then I grabbed one of his hands and rubbed it over me, showing him what I wanted him to do. He surprised me then, because instead of using his fingers he used his mouth. He put his tongue right inside me and licked. He'd never gone down on me before, but it was wonderful, absolutely wonderful. I came straight away, then again even harder. I felt totally out of control.

Quest: That experience didn't solve your sexual problems right away though, did it?

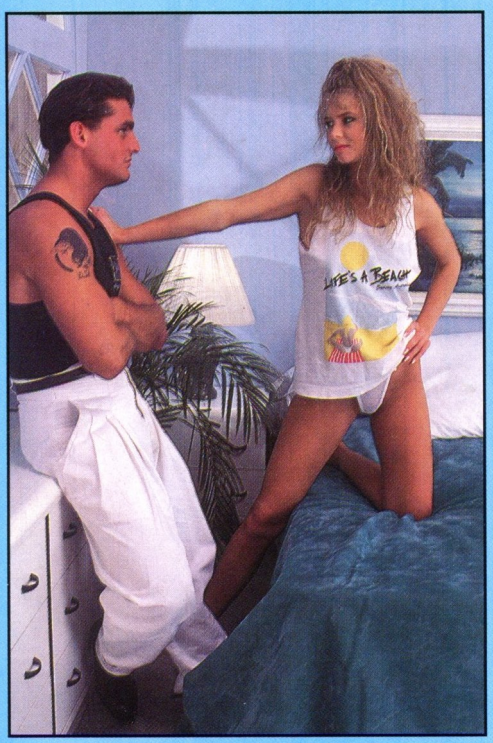
Housewife: No. The thing was that all those years of in-built shyness couldn't just be shrugged off straight away. We were almost embarrassed with each other for ages. I didn't like the feeling of being so out of control. It felt dangerous somehow. But at the same time I couldn't forget how marvellously fulfilled I'd felt physically.

Quest: That uniform had quite a lot to do with it, didn't it?

Housewife: Yes, and I eventually explained that to my husband. You see, in the uniform I felt like I was a different person, like I was acting out some kind of role, and it was that

I stripped off my skirt and jacket and fondled my breasts through the blouse.

Quest



favourites are my nurse's one, my air hostess one and my schoolma'am outfit. My husband's favourite is my traffic warden costume!

Quest: And these gave a boost to your sex life?

Housewife: Apart from all the build-up within my own head — I got very aroused while I was making them, just thinking about what part I was going to play in each — my husband's enjoyment came from knowing that I was ready to let myself go, to be a different person sexually. I'll never forget the first time I tried out my traffic warden outfit, which I'd got pretty well down to the last detail. I decided to be quite dominant in that outfit, so once I'd put it on I marched downstairs and stood in front of my husband with a stern look on my face. I even had those flat, black shoes on that they wear. The look on Kenneth's face was pure lust. Later he confessed to me that he'd always had a secret liking for dominant women. So I went the whole hog. 'I want you to fuck me hard,' I told him. I could hardly believe I'd actually said that. But my husband went wild. He just knelt down and pulled off the uniform piece by piece, quickly but at the same time savouring every bit of my my body. When I was down to my stockings and those shoes I stripped him off, and I'd never felt his cock so stiff before. I could feel it throbbing in my hand. I made him stand in front of me naked, while I walked round him inspecting his body, touching him here and there. Then I put the hat back on, bent over the table and ordered: 'Do me from behind, I want you to put it in me.' I almost came as soon as I felt him enter me. I was just so ready for it. He fucked me as we bent over there, and it was the most incredible sex I've ever had.

I started stroking and rubbing myself, doing all the things I usually did when I was alone.

Quest: So now these uniforms and the fantasies that go with them are an important part of your sex life?

Housewife: Oh definitely. You see, I find it very difficult to reach the peak of arousal that I need without them.

Quest: One more question - does the sight of men in uniform excite you?

Housewife: Only other men. Not my husband at all. That's my own private domain.

Quest: Thank you.

way that I was able to let myself go for that first time. It was then that he suggested that, as I obviously felt comfortable about the idea of sex if I was wearing some kind of costume, playing a role, then I should continue to do that. He was all in favour of it, and because I was at home all day I was able to make lots of different uniforms for myself! That was half the fun. I've made about 15 in all, but my

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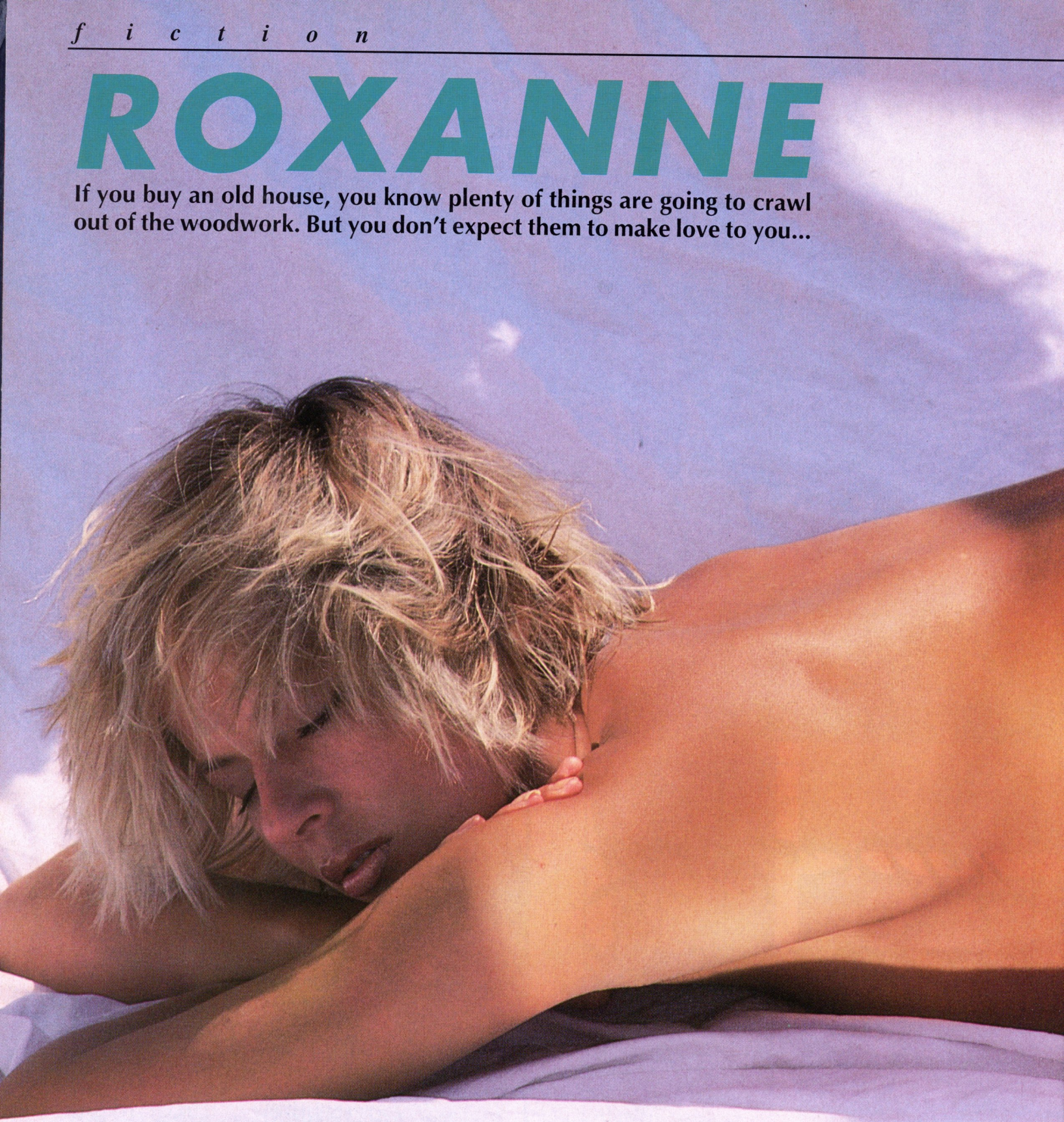
ROXANNE

If you buy an old house, you know plenty of things are going to crawl out of the woodwork. But you don't expect them to make love to you...



by Dave Smeds

The house had that something special right from the start. A huge Victorian place just outside of town, in need of a little plaster, a little paint, it looked just shabby enough to drive the price down. But it was built like a Sherman tank, and once I fixed it up, the price would soar.

I moved in the minute the deal was closed, eager to start work. In a week I had the weeds mowed, timber and new tools bought, and a fireplace installed. I called my girlfriend, reckoning I deserved a little reward for all my good honest labour. Great, she said. Seven o'clock.

Rain pounded on the roof an hour later as I headed for the front door, keys in hand. The phone rang.

"It's Teresa," she said. "This storm's awful. Why don't we give it a miss and try again another night?"

I didn't argue. It was time for a new girlfriend. The trouble was, I didn't meet many women, working at home as I did. It looked like another night at home in front of the television. I went over to pick a video tape, and just then the electricity went off.

I didn't have the slightest idea which of my unpacked boxes contained my candles and oil lamps. I'd just managed to find the flashlight in my toolbox when there was a knock on the front door.

A young woman stood on the doorstep, drenched from head to toe. She was blonde, tall and slim, her clothes clinging to her wonderful figure.

"Can I help you?" I asked, my eyes riveted to the sight of her nipples poking through her thin and now

almost transparent university sweatshirt. What was she doing out so lightly dressed in February?

"I just had a car accident," she said, her voice so soft I knew she'd had the loudness frightened right out of it.

"Come in," I said. I gave her a blanket and told her to sit by the fire. She huddled up and a hint of colour crept back into her pale cheeks.

"So you're not hurt, then?" I asked.

"No," she said, her voice stronger. I went out to check her car. It was wrapped around a utility pole not far from the end of my driveway. The sight nearly made me lose my grip on my umbrella. I'd seen worse, but only in a wrecking yard. The girl was very lucky to have got away without a scratch.

I hurried back to the house. She was sitting by the fire, cocooned in the blanket. She smiled at me. Her clothes lay spread out on the bricks, drying slowly.

"You'll definitely need a tow truck," I told her,

"I knew that," she replied. "I don't know why I let you go out. I wasn't thinking straight."

That, at least, made sense. I called the nearest garage and asked for help.

"Can't do it yet," the old mechanic said. "The storm's keeping us busy. It'll be at least two hours."

The girl didn't seem too upset. "Maybe my clothes will be dry by then," she said with a smile. The comment drew my glance to the panties hanging from the mantlepiece. She was stark naked under that blanket. As she shifted, the cocoon partially unwrapped, and I glimpsed

the tops of her fine, perky breasts.

"What's your name?" I asked.

"Roxanne," she replied.

"Well, Roxanne, it looks like you stole my electricity."

"Not all of it, I hope," she said, grinning. She glanced past me to the dining room table. "Is that wine?" The bottle I'd wrapped up for my date with Teresa rested there. I poured us each a glass. As she leaned forward to take hers, the blanket shifted again, exposing a small portion of smooth, white thigh.

"I can't thank you enough for all your help," she said. "I don't know what I can do to repay you."

"I'll think of something," I said.

It happened very naturally. We talked for an hour, the blanket somehow fell away, and then we were upstairs in my bed.

She made love like she talked — very direct, no teasing. First her mouth engulfed me, providing such delightful, steady pressure that I had to concentrate hard to keep my reputation as an all-night man. As if she read my mind, she stopped sucking, straddled me and sank down slowly. Her pussy gripped me snugly and she held me impaled with velvet glove sweetness.

The lamp light flickered across her boobs and taut belly, accentuating the shifting tension of her muscles as she rode me with vigorous strokes. Her rump and thighs slammed against me and I sucked her nipples gently as they hardened under my tongue. We filled the hour, and then I filled her.

I'd just gone to fetch the rest of the wine when the lights came back on. "Hey, your car didn't damage the power lines after all," I said, as I returned to the bedroom.

The bed was empty. "Roxanne," I called. I checked the bathroom. No sign of her. Downstairs, her clothes had vanished from the hearth. In the whole house, the only trace of her was the wonderful scent lingering on my crumpled sheets.

There was a knock at the door. I threw on a bathrobe and answered it. A tow truck driver, hands smeared with axle grease from the night's work, stood on the step.

"So where's the wreck," he asked.

"Didn't you see it?" He shook his head. I put on some warm clothes and then we drove out to the utility pole. It was unmarked, and there was no car to be seen.

"This is too weird," I said.

"Red Toyota?" asked the man.

"Yes," I said, "you did see it then?"

"Not tonight," he said. "But three years ago this summer I hauled a red Toyota away from the pole that used to be here. Bad scene. Fatality. It was a pretty young girl called Roxanne."

The guy must have seen the blood draining from my face, because he steadied me just as I began to sway.

"Look, I don't normally come out here on these calls any more. Every time there's a storm, somebody sees the damned car. But I heard the house had a new owner, so I thought I'd do the right thing and come and check anyway. I guessed they might not have told you the story."

I thanked him and staggered back to the house. I found my keys and wallet, and drove to a nearby hotel for the night.

The following day I went to the library and found a newspaper report about Roxanne's death. The article confirmed everything the tow truck driver had said. The librarian was surprised I hadn't heard. Everyone knew the old house was haunted.

The estate agent offered to help me sell the house again at half commission, but meanwhile I was stuck with it, and everybody in town knew what was wrong with it. I worked on it during the day, and spent the nights at the hotel. In nine days, I saw no sign of Roxanne's ghost.

We talked, and the blanket somehow fell away, and then we were upstairs in my bed.

On the tenth day I buried my thoughts in work. I got so engrossed in retiling the bathroom that I didn't notice the time until dusk stole the light I needed to continue. I thought about the hard work I was putting into the place, and the money I was wasting on the hotel room. The least I deserved was to sleep in my own bed at night .

The sky darkened to the colour of Dracula's cape. I left the lights out, remembering the last time I'd been in this room in the dark.

A knock rattled the door. My intestines rocketed up to my larynx. I lay on the bed, too scared to move. After a few minutes, I raised the courage to speak. "Who is it?" I called.

"Who on earth do you think it is?" replied a tiny voice from the wardrobe. "Please don't be scared. When you're scared, I can't materialize. Don't turn on the lights, either."

She had said just the right thing. Now I knew exactly how to send her away. The funny thing was, suddenly I wasn't scared any more.

"Why don't you come out?" I asked.

She opened the door. "I was afraid you wouldn't give me another chance," she said. "You're the first one who ever came back."

She was naked. With the moonlight streaming through the window, she looked glorious.

"I couldn't even manifest enough to touch things before the night with you," she said.

"You touch pretty well. But you've messed up my livelihood," I said.

"I know all about that. I can help you. But it's going to take some special convincing."

"What kind of convincing?" I asked, cautiously.

"Just lie back and relax," she purred. "I want to jog your memory."

She lowered my zip and pulled out my prick. One stroke of her warm tongue along its underside woke it up. She swallowed every inch, sucking until I was as hard as rock.

"Let my mouth do the work," she said. She cupped her fingers around her lips to lengthen the span of her sucking. My dick swelled to its limit, kept extra hard as her fingers squeezed against the veins.

Just when the rigidity was as much as I could bear, she let go, using her mouth only in soft strokes. As if a cork had been pulled, my juice boiled right up.

I lay back, drained and happy. "Okay, my memory's been jogged," I said. "Now tell me your plan."

"First of all, you need to know about ghosts," she said. "We don't get created for no reason. It only happens in violent or sudden deaths, when something in the person's life went unresolved. I'm not exactly all of Roxanne... I'm the part of her that still needs fulfillment."

"I'm not quite following you," I said, puzzled.

"I died only a few months after losing my virginity. In fact, the reason I had the crash was that I was so preoccupied with seeing my boyfriend that I went too fast on the wet road. That unfulfilled desire trapped the sexual side of me here as a ghost, in the house nearest the site of my death. I have to stay here, haunting these premises, until I can experience a lifetime's worth of sex."

"I'm beginning to get your drift," I said. "All I have to do to sell the house for good money is to let the buyer know exactly what kind of ghost he's getting."

She looked hurt. "You want to get rid of me that much?"

"Of course not. But if I don't sell, I won't have the cash to buy another house to work on. What else did you have in mind?"

She waved around the room. "Think how big this place is. Think about your building skills. Doesn't something occur to you?"

I blinked, then I chuckled, then I grinned. She nodded. "Apartments."

* * *

"... And that's the story, John," I told the prospective tenant across the table. "That was two years ago. I divided the place into five flats, one for me and the rest to rent out. I know the rent's high, but now you see all the fringe benefits."

John wasn't convinced yet. "You say all I have to do is lie on my bed with the lights out, and not be scared, and she'll come to me?"

"The trial's free," I reminded him. "Have you ever had a woman who's there every night you need her, does anything you want, and never demands that you be faithful to her?"

"So what happens when she reaches her lifetime's worth?"

"Apparently she'll be free to go to wherever it is ghosts go. But knowing Roxanne, she'll stick around."

"Sounds intriguing," John admitted. "When's the trial?"

Late that night, after the noises from John's flat had stopped, Roxanne appeared in my room, glowing.

"Success, I take it," I laughed.

"I think he'll stay," she said.

"So, are you worn out?"

She chuckled, and slid down onto the bed beside me. My hands stroked her soft, warm body.

After all, Roxanne was my business partner, and besides, I've got my own lifetime's worth to think about, too.

GENTLEMEN THAT REMINDS ME. . .

A ROUND-UP OF AFTER-DINNER JOKES

A delivery man turned up at Saddam Hussein's hideaway in the Gulf.

"Right now," said the delivery man, "I've got you the Spurs shorts, the Spurs shirt, Spurs socks and boots, and I've thrown in a 'I love Tottenham Hotspur' scarf. Just sign on the dotted line, Saddam."

"Infidel!" screamed Hussein (through interpreter and subject to Iraqi censorship restrictions). "I don't want this rubbish. I said I wanted the Gaza strip!"

What's the difference between a pickpocket and a Peeping Tom?
A pickpocket snatches watches...

A farm hand was knocking off one of the milk maids when she suddenly remembered the advice she'd heard on TV.

"Ay boy, I hope you're using one of them condoms," she said.

"No, I'm not," he replied. "But you don't have to worry, I've had the test. I ain't got AIDS."

"Thank God for that!" said the milk maid. "I wouldn't wanna have that again."

Two girls were sunbathing on a beach in their bikinis when one noticed that the other had a mark shaped like the letter 'M' on her stomach.

"What's that? she asked her friend.

"Oh, it must be the print from my boyfriend's sweatshirt. He's at university. It must have come off when we were making love last night."

"Which university has he gone to? Manchester?"

"No," replied the girl with a smile, "Warwick."

A man was boasting continually to his friends about the intelligence of his dog, and to disprove their scepticism took them home to show them the amazing animal.

Sure enough, as soon as they arrived, the dog opened the door for them and then ran off to fetch his master's slippers.

"Very good," said the owner's mates.

"That's nothing, watch! Rover, make me a soft boiled egg, exactly three minutes."

The dog barked and disappeared into the kitchen. Three minutes later, Rover returned wagging his tail carrying the freshly boiled egg in his mouth. The assembled friends applauded as the dog deposited the egg in his master's lap, then promptly stood on his head.

"There you see," said the owner proudly. "Not only can he boil eggs, but he knows we haven't got any egg cups either."

A young wife walked into the advertising department of her local paper. "Excuse me, but my husband and I have just had a baby and we wanted to announce it in the Births column of the Echo."

"Certainly madam, and how would you like the copy to read?"

"Mr and Mrs Johnson announce the birth of their first daughter Emma Louise," said the young lady, reading from her notes on a piece of paper she'd prepared. "She has blonde hair, blue eyes, weighs 8lbs 4ozs and entered the world on the 12th February at 4.32am after my being in labour for four hours."

The ad sales girl smiled.

"And how many insertions?"

"Oh God, I don't know," replied the girl somewhat flustered, "I lost count halfway through."

We know a young waitress from Bude,
Who's raucous, randy and rude.
She'll shag on the table
Till the boss cries out, "Mabel!
That money's to pay for the food!"

Two men stranded on a desert island were captured by a cannibal chief. Having just enjoyed a particularly good three-course meal (triplets), he decided to give the explorers a chance of freedom.

"Go into the jungle," the chief told them, "and collect 100 examples of any fruit. Bring them back, and you could be freed."

The two men disappeared into the undergrowth, and started collecting. The first explorer decided to go for grapes, and it wasn't long before he was bringing back 100 juicy grapes for the cannibal.

The chief smiled.

"Now I want you to stand in front of the tribe and stuff each of the grapes up your arse. If you can do it without laughing, you will go free!"

The man bent down, but before the first grape got near his cheeks he burst into hysterical laughter.

"Right," shouted the chief. "I gave you a chance. But you laughed."

"Sorry, I couldn't help it," said the explorer. "As the grape got near my bum, I remembered my mate. He's collecting pineapples."

What do you get if you cross a cucumber with a jumping bean?
The first organic vibrator.

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